The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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QUESTIONABLE HOUSES RAIDED.

The Police Close Up Houses Containing Women of Lax Moral Principles.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Portraits of people prominent in the sporting and theatrical world are acceptable, and all portraits sent must be accompanied by a complete record to ensure publication. All sketches and news of an interesting character throughout Great Britain will be liberally paid for, if used. All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to Ned Holske, Editor, The Mirror of Life 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

13 WEEKS 13

Send 2s. 8d. to the Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., and the paper will be sent you, post free, for thirteen weeks.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining The Mirror of Life regularly off your newsagent, please send us the name and address of the agent whom you trade with, and we shall see that he receives his supply weekly.

OUR MOTTO.

"Be Just and Fearless."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. J. D. (Sunderland).—Your request has been granted.

Inquirer.—Send 2s. 8d. to The Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and the paper will be mailed to you regularly for thirteen weeks.

A. H. (Preston).—Send portrait and authentic record of performances, and we shall publish same.

Constant Reader.—You can address him care of The Mirror of Life.

Referee.—It would be a difficult matter for Bob Fitzsimmons to enter the Ring below 12st and be strong. He wants to fight Corbett to a finish.

Yachtsman.—The *Vigilant* is a centreboard sloop, designed by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, at Bristol, Rhode Island, for a syndicate of New York yacht club members, headed by E. D. Morgan and C. O. Iselin. Her frames and deck beams are of steel, and her keel, centreboard, centreboard box and plating are of Tobin bronze. The top strake is of steel. She is 126ft over all, 86ft water-line, 26ft beam, and 18ft 6in draught, and carries 11,300 square feet of sail. She was purchased by Mr. George Gould, who brought her here to race the *Britannia* and *Valkyrie*.

C. (Birmingham).—Thanks for portraits. Your request has been complied with.

A. B. (Brighton).—Will appear in our next issue.

W. L.—Your communication reached us too late for use.

S. D. (Oldham).—If you experience any difficulty in getting the paper weekly off your newsagent, please send his name and address to The Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, London.

It would be rather exaggerating matters for us to say that the last week's issue of The Mirror of Life is out of print, but we can conscientiously declare that the paper took another step forward. Considering the holidays and the season of the year, when all publications lag a bit, the steady and gradual increase in The Mirror of Life is indeed phenomenal, and exceeds the most sanguine anticipations of the proprietors. It merely goes to show that the British public appreciate a thoroughgoing illustrated sporting journal, full of new features and gossip about veterans who attained their laurels on the Turf. The Mirror of Life is not in the field to slander people or give biassed accounts of what has transpired. It will, however, from time to time, give inside news of events to come, and expose any unsportsmanlike action on the part of "Snides," who pursue any branch of manly sports for what they can pilfer.

* * *

Bill Brady, the mouthpiece for Corbett, appears to be utilising all his resources to make his fighter as unpopular as possible. His bombastic utterances since his return to New York City have been not only villifying, but decidedly nauseating to any fair-minded person. When Brady first struck England it was a difficult matter to keep his head from swelling to a bursting point, and his shoes presented the appearance of holding a small foot. After a few disastrous weeks showing his head gradually decreased in size and his feet grew accordingly. He is a wiser and much poorer man, and while pride keeps him from announcing a heavy loss entailed in show business here, he displays his feelings by casting reflections upon the National Sporting Club and its official referee. Were he to display one spark of gratitude he would proclaim to the world that the club members used him in a most courteous manner, and when they tolerated his presence at the meetings, the rulings of the referee were impartial and well received by all present.

* * *

In our ring columns we reproduce extracts from Brady's interview with New York papers on his return. He totally disregards all semblance to the truth, and evidently adopts a plan which was once unfolded by a prominent American sport, who said, when you tell a lie that you want people to believe follow it up with a whopper that will place the first one in the shade, and so it has been with Brady, only that he has told several things that sensible Americans would hardly credit unless a ramrod was brought into play to cram them down their throats.

The following are only a few of the false statements he has made:—

No. 1.—Our trip was a grand financial success.

No. 2.—The Prince of Wales met Corbett and saw him box. Both were pleased with each other.

No. 3.—The nobility were offended because Corbett would not toady to them. The idea! A great American pugilist toady to the nobility!

No. 4.—Jem Corbett got an enthusiastic reception when he reached England.

No. 5.—We had to turn people away.

No. 6.—The National Sporting Club is a Jackson Club, and Corbett wouldn't get fair play there.

No. 7.—Mr. B. J. Angle's decisions were hissed.

No. 8.—We shall play a return engagement next year.

* * *

Responding to No. 1, we can say that Corbett brought his tour to an untimely end; the Prince of Wales never saw Corbett, and as for the nobility being offended, they never yet courted favour with a foreign prize-fighter. Corbett's enthusiastic reception must have been the wrangling of several hackmen to catch a passenger. As regards turning people away, that is right, but it was when the "handshakers" came in contact with him. As for the National Sporting Club being Jackson's Club, we can, with impunity, declare that Corbett would have been the favourite in the betting had they fought there. The fairness of Mr. Angle's decisions is too well known to require any comment. That return engagement will never come to an issue unless it might be in the shape of a music hall turn at a limited salary.

* * *

Hair-dressing parlours and public-houses should always keep The Mirror of Life on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals and The Mirror of Life is at the head of that list.

HIS PARTING SALUTE.

A minister took leave of his congregation, whose principal characteristic was a want of liberality, in the following words:

"Beloved brethren! If I were to say that our parting grieved me greatly, I should be perverting the truth. I am enabled to say good-bye to you with tolerable composure for three reasons: You do not love me, you do not love one another, and the Lord does not love you. If you loved me, you would have paid my salary during the last two years; if you loved one another I should have officiated at more weddings among you; if the Lord loved you he would have called more of you to Himself, and I should have have had more funeral services to conduct."

He was not pressed to remain.

KICKS FROM THE EDITOR.

We are Easily Led Astray.—By a private arrangement our weekly allowance is sent to our family by a special messenger. This plan was adopted because we are easily led astray, and every Saturday as we emerged from our sanctum we would be met by some of the race-course boys, who would either give us a sure thing, or else "whisper" us out of our allowance. Their plausible talk and persuasive ways caused us many a day's suffering, because once broke we would shuffle off home in a disconsolate and dejected manner to enquire on "sir" till the following Monday, when he would draw a few dollars on account. The boss of the show soon learned our weakness, and adopted the plan of never permitting us to have possession of more than a bob or two. It is surprising how those boys have deserted us now, and not a single one is thoughtful enough to flatter us on our journalistic ability, whereas we used to receive such an abundance of complimentary conversation that we felt inclined to think that the newspaper could not exist without our labour.

* * *

The Baby and the Tack.—We shall probably favour our right foot for a week or more to come, and for that reason it will be impossible to hob nob with the nobility as much as we might wish to. We are ashamed to acknowledge that we don't keep a nurse girl at the house, so the onerous duties of walking the "kid" to sleep nights falls upon our shoulders. Our youngest is blessed with a marvellous pair of lungs and an extra large mouth. He knows just when we are the most tired, and about to drop into pleasant dreams. Realising our feelings, he is sure to utter unearthly strains. That necessitates our arising and parading the floor for an hour with the bone of contention in our arms. It is not our desire to put on "side," but we did so far forget ourselves as to have a carpet laid on the bedroom floor on the easy payment system. We are now liquidating for our extravagance, because whilst in the midst of our march we picked up a tack with our foot, and it slumbered down to a case of which should drop first, the baby or the tack. In the heat of passion we concluded that odds were on the baby, and down it went to the floor. We picked the tack out, and how the blood ran was a caution. We screamed, so did the wife and baby, and now we are not only the subject for abuse, but have to bear the pain from an injured foot. "Kids" are such a comfort, they keep you from being lonesome, and make you wish for a rapid approach of the end of the world.

* * *

Hunt on the Wrong Lines.—What a craven quantity we are! It was whilst journeying through the slum districts of the East End the other day that we accidentally bustled against a pretty tough piece of material. "What are you doing of?" he said. "Oh, nothing," we responded. "We knows you mine," says he, "and you're a bloke as what we don't loike, so be a bit smart about quitting yourself scarce, or dere be a funeral in your house." Happening as it did in broad daylight, we asserted our rights to the thoroughfare, and were grabbed by the nose and shook until our whole frame appeared to shout wilt. In the scuffle we lost a half-crown watch and a bit of silver. On securing a release we ran for dear life, and had it not been for exhaustion we should still be on the move. We are constructed on the wrong lines, because we are always looking for trouble till it finds us, and then our craven nature predominates.

ADA BLANCHE.

A Talented Performer who is a Big Favourite.

(With Portrait.)

One of the most talented and successful performers on the music-hall stage is Miss Ada Blanche. She has scored her greatest hits in singing "The Gentleman from London," and "Marguerite," both of which are destined to become popular with the general public. Miss Blanche inherits her talent from her parents, her father being the late Sam Adams, and her mother was the clever vocalist, Madame Cicely Notts. She was born at Brixton, and made her début in the children's pantomime, *Little Goody Two Shoes*, under the management of the late T. B. Chatterton. The following season she appeared at the Adelphi and Drury Lane. Miss Ada can say with pride that she was the first to sing Clement Scott's famous song, "Here Stands a Post." She has fulfilled five different engagements at Drury Lane, and is to appear there in the next pantomime, "Aladdin." Possessing an unlimited amount of talent, she has appeared in a variety of roles, and, to her credit, it may be said that each and every one was a success.

In appearance Miss Ada is exceedingly attractive and dresses with excellent taste. Her graceful appearance before the footlights, combined with a sweet voice, invariable commands outbursts of applause whenever she performs.

CAREFUL OF HIS DARLING.

A Gallant Lover who Breasted the Waves with his Lady Love in Gentle Embrace.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Visitors to Margate on Bank Holiday were treated to a pleasant love-making scene in the surf. A gallant lover, in protecting his lady love, held her in fond embrace, and breasted the waves as they rolled in, fearful lest the young lady, without protection, might find the sheets of water too severe for her to maintain her footing.

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

Lost Backing the Favourite.—In a fight between two heavy-weights a few years ago, one of the men was a hot favourite, and contrary to all expectations he was beaten. The loser felt very much crest-fallen, and refused to be consoled over his downfall. The following day he strolled out in the country with his trainer to try and forget the defeat. In crossing a road he noticed a man sitting down on the railway tracks and a train approaching from the distance. On getting the would-be suicide off the road, he asked him why he wished to take his life. "Strike me, but I 'ave put the 'ole bloomin' brass on that beggar as got a 'iding last night, and I wants to kill myself for satisfaction." The beaten pugilist was fairly stunned at the remarks, and giving the fellow a sovereign, he dismissed his identity. The would-be suicide cordially shook the fighter up, and then exclaimed, "Bli'me, but you arn't worth it, that's arter all."

* * *

Didn't Get His Money's Worth.—Previous to his second meeting with Will Renwick, of Newcastle, young Molineux made a tour exhibiting in Scotland. In the course of his travels "The Morocco Prince," who was accompanied by the eccentric Tommy Roundhead, visited the Highlands, and at one place there was a very full house to see them spar. Among those present was a big Highlander, who thought he would box, and challenged Tommy Roundhead to put on the gloves with him. Tommy, nothing loth, complied with the request, but found the hardy mountaineer too strong for him, and after being severely punished had to admit that he was beaten. Elated with his success, nothing could satisfy Sawney but a bout with the sable chief himself. Massa, being an Irishman, did not care to take on the big lone Last Scot, and declined the invitation. Whereupon the whole house rose—and demanded their shillings back unless Molineux would stand up to their champion. This loss of the "siller" was a serious consideration to the Morocco Prince and his pal, so Tommy said to Massa, "Put 'em on, Jemmy, and give him his shillingsworth." So the Black did put 'em on, and grinding his teeth with rage faced his man. On came the Highlander with a rush, when Molineux met him with a terrific left-hander in the mouth, which sent him down with a crash on the boards. The big 'un made no attempt to rise after his downfall, so Tommy Roundhead went up to him, caught hold of him by the arm, and said, "Come, my man, get up. You've only had three-pennyworth yet. You've another nine-pennyworth to get to make up the shilling." Whereat the humiliated Scotty growled out, "Tak' the siller and be damned to ye. I want no more."

Christ Lived till He was Thirty-six.—Uncouth and brusque as John L. Sullivan is, he possesses considerable manliness, and has always been kind to the poor. He made a goodly-sized fortune in his exhibitions, and what he didn't spend on booze or on the leeches who were wont to hang on to him he would distribute amongst the poor. After Corbett took down his number John L. became rather despondent, and went to excess in drink. His friends tried hard to persuade him to leave off, but to no avail. Finally, on being approached by a warm admirer one day the big fellow remarked: "Say, Cull, do yer know I just been sizing this business up. I'm thirty-five years old, see! Well, Christ lived till he was thirty-six. In one year I get a razor and draw it across my throat, see!" (at the same time drawing his fore finger across the portion he proposed to cut) "and then there'll be no John L. Sullivan. I want to live as long as Christ did, see!"

* * *

The Old Champion Followed Behind.—Sitting in the Criterion the other night a party of sports were conversing upon ring topics, one of them being an old-time champion, who, upon seeing a gentleman enter the place and approach the bar, left the gathering to talk with the newcomer in private. The gentleman left the bar and went into the adjoining room, followed by the old veteran. "See that," said one of the party of sports, "I knew the time when they all followed the fighter, but now that fighter does the following. Such is life and goes to show how soon they forget ring heroes once they quit fighting."

* * *

He Wanted Beans on the Stick.—In the States the people eat considerable green corn, that is, corn cooked on the cob, and by spreading butter and sprinkling salt on it the corn is a decidedly delicious acquisition to a dinner. Some years ago a well-known English pugilist paid a visit to the States, and was invited out to dine with a gentleman fond of boxing sport. Green corn comprised a portion of the order, and the pugilist sat back in amazement, watching the gentleman devour the mysterious hulls off the cob. The pugilist then set about his ear of corn, and it tasted so good to him that he was in ecstacy over it. After he had nibbled all the hulls off, he beckoned to the waiter, and expressed himself as follows: "'ere, you," at the same time holding up the cob, "Ca-ca-can y-y-you poo-poo-put se-se-some more be-be-beans on this stick?" All present were convulsed in laughter and to this day, when any of the American friends come here, they always inquire after the fighter and his bean pole.

Had a Long Reach.—In Wales there is a pugilist of gigantic proportions, and when he first visited London he was lost in admiration of the sights he beheld. A well-known handler of fighting men took him in charge at the station, and after a look about they concluded to retire for a night's rest. Bedsteads were not made to accommodate men over six feet, so on lying down it was necessary for him to allow his legs to project nearly a foot beyond the lower end of the bed. An argument cropped up as to who should extinguish the light, the trainer not caring to get up out of a comfortable bed. The burly pugilist made no reply, but reached to the table half way across the room, grasped the candlestick and put the light out. The trainer was surprised at the length of arm, and remarked, "Stroike me, but we'll 'ave to get a ten h'acre lot to hold such a big 'un as you."

ALBERTA.

A Plucky Performer Who Walks on Ceilings and Does High Kicking.

(With Portrait.)

Alberta ranks among the successful speciality performers in the United States. She is an excellent high-kicker, and performs the feat of walking on the ceiling of the theatres, a turn that invariably meets with spontaneous applause.

MARIE JANSEN.

A Clever American Operatic Star.

(With Portrait.)

Miss Marie Jansen was born in Boston, U.S.A., and made her *debut* at the Park Theatre in that City, September 18, 1881, in the Musical Comedy of "Lawn Tennis." She rapidly rose to the front ranks, appearing in "Olivette," "Iolanthe," "The Princess of Trebizonde," "Prince Methusalem," and "The Beggar Student." Charles Wyndham then engaged her for a London Season, to create the title *rôle* of "Featherbrain," at the Criterion Theatre, and after meeting with considerable success, she returned to the States, becoming prima donna with Francis Wilson's Company. Miss Jansen now stars with her own company, and has scored a big success.

QUESTIONABLE HOUSES RAIDED.

The Police Close Up Houses Containing Women of Lax Moral Principles.

(Subject of Illustration.)

For several years past houses of ill-fame have been allowed to run in Boston without molestation, but the past month or two has wrought about many changes. Gambling houses have been raided and closed up, and now the police have directed their attention to bawdy houses. In a raid on one place the other day a dozen girls of prepossessing appearance were captured. Some were hid under the table, others in closets, and some behind the larger pieces of furniture. They were conveyed from the brothel to the police-station, and released on bail.

A MIDNIGHT SCENE IN LONDON.

How Gay Young Men and Women Meet at Places Conducted as Private Clubs.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In London, and particularly at the West End, there are many places conducted as private clubs, which are nothing more or less than rendezvous for a fast set of men and women. Drinks are served at all hours of the night, and many scenes enacted that would hardly bear investigation. Several places are elaborately fitted up and the revenue derived by the sale of liquor will foot up to an enormous sum. Exorbitant prices are charged in many of these establishments for stuff far inferior to that obtainable in a cheap beer shop. The police are gradually weeding out the pest holes, but it is an utter impossibility to exterminate the places entirely.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

Hix: "I see England has a third heir to the crown now."

Dix: "It rather looks as if he might be old enough to be an heirloom before he get there, though."

* * *

Dog Fancier: "Yes, madam, I have all kinds of dogs here. Is there any particular kind of breed you wish?"

Old Lady (who reads the newspapers): "Oh, anything that's fashionable. Let me see an ocean greyhound."

* * *

"I know my faults, Harry, and I'm trying to overcome them."

Harry: "Well, all I've got to say is, you have a good deal of courage to face such a multitude alone."

* * *

The Versifier (reproachfully): "So you didn't take the trouble to read my poem? What a poor opinion you must have of me!"

The Girl: "Think what an opinion I might have had of you if I had read it."

* * *

Miss Caustique: "Men can never tell blue from green."

Miss Maud: "How do you know that?"

Miss Caustic: "I just heard Cholly Addlepate say he was awfully blue."

* * *

"Has that young man proposed yet?"

"Not yet, mamma, but he has been inquiring if your cough was anything serious."

* * *

Fond Wife (pouting): "You think more of your books than you do of me."

Loving Husband: "My darling, I never have to read the same book twice."

* * *

The day he was married his soul was thrilled
And his face wore a happy smile
As he noticed the very superior way
His bride swept up the aisle.

But now that they're settled his soul is sad
And he feels just as meek as a mouse
And he sees the inferior manner in which
His wife sweeps up the house.

* * *

Norm: "What have you named your twins?"

Todd: "Off and On."

Nodd: "What's that for?"

Todd: "When one stops crying the other begins."

* * *

"And you bought those clothes in England? Well, you didn't get anything like a fit."

"No, but when I first wore them everybody else had a fit."

* * *

Binks: "There, yonder, is, indeed, a seasonable invitation."

Winks: "Where, what is it?"

Binks: "That sign in the window, 'Cast-off clothing of every description.'"

* * *

"Oh! You are leaving us early, Mr. Brown."

"Yes, Mrs. Park, and I am very sorry that I must leave, but not expecting to have such a pleasant time this evening, I had made another engagement."

* * *

St. Peter: "What were you on earth?"

Arriving Shade: "I was a Living Picture."

St. Peter: "Then take my advice. Go to the other place. You'll find the climate more suitable to your apparel."

* * *

She: "Are you really superstitious about walking under a ladder?"

He: "Well, rather! The last time I did it a man dropped a paint pot on me."

* * *

"Yes, father," said the young graduate, freshly returned from college, "I am a trained athlete now and mean to take part in a number of contests. I'm strong enough to lift almost anything."

"Well, then," said the old man, grimly, "I guess you kin just stay at home and help lift the mortgage off the farm."

* * *

He: "You don't catch me in any such scrape as that. I'm nobody's fool."

She: "Not at present; but then somebody may marry you yet."

* * *

Mrs. Haughty: "Don't you know, my dear, it is extremely bad form to turn and look after a gentleman in the street."

Daughter: "Yes, but mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking; that's all."

* * *

"Got any little job of work, ma'am," inquired the dusty pilgrim at the back door, "that I can do to earn a bite of grub?"

"You've often asked me for cold victuals," replied the woman in surprise, "but this is the first time you ever asked for work."

"Yes'm," rejoined the tourist, cheerfully, "I'm on my vacation."

* * *

Irate Husband: "I wish you were somewhere where I could never see you again."

Patient Wife: "Well that's equivalent to wishing I were in heaven. Thanks!"

MARIE JANSEN.

A Clever American Operatic Star.

ALBERTA.

A Plucky Performer who Walks on Ceilings and Does High Kicking.

WHAT SHE WAS SMUGGLING.

A Cruel Joke Played upon a Recent Arrival on an Ocean Steamer.

BOTH SIDES OF A MISSPENT LIFE.

The Sad Ending of a Woman who was once the Queen of her Set.

TURF NOTES.

REDCAR, KEMPTON PARK, and WINDSOR MEETINGS.

THE CITY OF LONDON BREEDERS' FOAL PLATE.

CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

SELECTIONS.

WEEK'S FINALS.

THERE is a falling off in the entries for both the back-end handicaps, if compared with the last few years, and we have to go back to the Cambridgeshire of '86 where the numbers failed to run into three figures; still, quality is so well represented in the Cesarewitch, and the names of the great classic winners of this and last season, Ladas alone being the exception, and the best handicap performers that have been seen out are placed for the handicapper to bring together. Isinglass, without doubt, will be allotted top weight in both events, and will be followed by Avington, Laodamia, Molly Morgan, and Matchbox, who will be at the top of the three-year-olds, and those of this age are most likely to run forward, and in making an early selection

Opera Glass,
Theseus,
Hettie Sorrel

may repay for following.

The Cambridgeshire, with twenty less than last time, will probably be the best handicap of the year, and will bring out a good class to contest it; seldom, indeed, do we find so much quality, and the goodly array of the best milers, among them being Molly Morgan, who created on the last occasion an unexpected sensation, because after being warmly supported for the Cesarewitch, her poor display caused her to be neglected for the Cambridgeshire, where she disposed of the opposition in a canter; her burden this journey, however, will be somewhat different, and such as Callistrate, Brocatelle, El Diablo, La Fleche, and Le Nicham, who have tried it before, I shall pass by in favour of

Priestholme,
Xury,
Court Ball.

Blairfinde and Beggars' Opera may fight the last-named for the situations. These suggestions should prove the best for those who care to indulge in an early fancy, and may not find it an unprofitable investment to anticipate the market.

Turning to events of the present, at Redcar they have already disposed of one day's sport, and to-day the Foal Stakes will decide the best of the sixty-four. Stone Chack is one of the useful sort, and Colleague, at the Hamilton Park Meeting last May, secured the Spring Handicap; the stable may, therefore, again depend on this colt, and of the seven under the care of J. Enoch, probably Royal Marine will be found for duty. Good accounts reach me of Scenery, who, as a two-year-old, won the Knavesmire Plate at York last season; this filly should go very close indeed. Corea, the solitary representative of Jewitt, will find the mile a trifle further than she cares to travel, her last outing at Hurst Park, the Hounslow Plate, went to her credit, but I fancy a Malton stable will secure the 600sovs given for the event. In the Wilton Plate, of the thirty entered, J. Enoch has seven to select from, and of these the penalised Seaholm may be chosen for duty. Whatever represents this stable will be well in. Of the others, Bonspiel and Seaside are worth following. Aminte, with Orlop, look attractive for the Zetland Plate, and, with Lady Hewick, should finish in the first flight. The Upleatham Welter Heremon has the best claims on recent form, and Old Hoppy defeated Upsilon at Carlisle, and should do so again. The City of London Breeders' Foal Plate will be the item of attraction at Kempton Park, and St. Florian will not have Ladas as in the Newmarket Stakes to interfere with his chance, and his prospect is all the more rosy when Priestholme and Royal Victoria are called upon to concede him so much weight; Basildon was slightly fancied for the Jubilee and later in the Hastings Plate, but failed to get a situation to Stowmarket. I scarcely think he will be good enough this time. If the mile should suit Northampton his fine turn of speed would enable him to be on the premises; his recent win at Ascot, where he beat Delphos and Choice, show him to be rather smart, and in estimating his chance it must not be forgotten the kind as represented in this race is considerably under first class. In making a selection, I should say St. Florian, Son and Heir, and Basildon, with Royal Victoria. If I was certain the first-named would see the post, he would be the trusted one, but with a final vote Royal Victoria shall be the one to represent me. Little is known of those in the Mortlake Two-Year-Old Plate, and The Voyage should have no trouble to account for the others. Lindrick, Conachar, and Cœlus will be worth attention in the Princess of Wales' Plate. The latter won the North Metropolitan at Alexandra Park, and at the weights here should go close. The same remark applies to Fatherless in the Shepperton Welter, and with Toreador and Mortaigne may supply the first three.

In the Sunbury Mid-Weight Plate, Favoro has a good chance, and Castle Espie should be his nearest attendant; between them the result should be found. On Thursday, attention will be claimed for the seven events on the card at the Windsor Meeting, and the Round Tower Handicap will bring some clever performers in the field. Dromonby, although well in, may experience most trouble from Ammonite and Sacristy; and Hist, Henry VIII., with Hatfield, are the trio best suited in the Mile Heavy-Weight Handicap.

The Forest Heavy-Weight Handicap, Gold Crest and Callini; Cœlus again must not be left out of the calculation, because if no penalty is earned earlier he should have this at his mercy; whatever beats him will be the winner. The Clewer Plate may be the means of introducing some of the dark youngsters, and if Pyjama fails to place this to his credit, Toffy is the one that should be kept in view, and with Lady Poll will be thereabouts.

On Friday, the August Handicap will be the chief feature of the day, and although the acceptances produce a small field, an interesting race will be witnessed. Tudor, Broad Corrie, and Dromonby I like best, and shall expect the first-named, although carrying plenty of weight, to win. In a maiden plate, Humphrey Clinker, Camiola, or Queen Bess colt, among an indifferent lot, appear the best to trust, and should finish in this order. The Raya Welter Handicap Maffio looks likely, and with Gatheral, Absentee, and Albert Moore, situations will be distributed amongst them. The Marlow Handicap, Hatfield and Middleham look best, but the previous running at this meeting must be the guide for this event. Below will be found the selections, who, with a run may take the events under notice.

Redcar.

WEDNESDAY.

The Zetland Welter Plate,
Aminte.

The Wilton Plate,
Seaholm 1
Bonspiel 2
Seaside 3

The Upleatham Welter,
Heremon.

Great National Breeder' Foal Stakes,
Stone Chack 1
Scenery 2
Royal Marine 3

Kempton.

The Princess of Wales' Plate,
Conachar.

The Shepperton Welter,
Fatherless.

The Mortlake Two-Year-Old Plate,
The Voyage.

The City of London Breeders' Foal Plate,
Royal Victoria ... 1
Northampton ... 2
Basildon 3

The Sunbury Mid-weight Plate,
Favoro.

Windsor.

THURSDAY.

A Mile Heavy-weight Handicap,
Hist or Hatfield.

The Round Tower Handicap,
Dromonby.

The Forest Heavy-weight Plate,
Gold Crest or Cœlus.

The Clewer Plate,
Pyjama 1
Toffy 2
Lady Poll 3

FRIDAY.

A Maiden Plate,
Humphrey Clinker.

The Raya Welter,
Absentee.

The August Handicap,
Tudor 1
Broad Corrie 2
Dromonby 3

The Marlow Handicap,
Toreador.

CHALK.

CORBETTS'S OPINION OF ENGLAND.

On Corbett's arrival in New York City he wrote a detailed description of his trip to this country. In it he says:—"I liked London in a way, and in a way I didn't. They don't treat a man right there, that is, the upper classes. They pet two prize-fighters in the ring like rats, and if they don't go at each other they shout and urge them on. The best thing in London was the music halls. They are great. But in most ways London is not in it with New York. I don't think much of the English girls. They can't talk to you like the American girls can. Give me the American girls every time.

"There wasn't much in London that impressed me. I went to see Westminster Abbey. But I left the sight-seeing to my wife. I don't think much of this thing of chasing around looking at things. I passed Edinburgh Castle every day for a week, but I didn't care to go in, and I didn't go in. The House of Commons is a big building, of course. But London is a slow town.

"The way they serve drinks there is rotten. Why, such a thing as ice is out of the question. In some places if you ask for ice they think you are crazy. There wasn't anything fit to drink and I didn't care much for what they had to eat. They didn't have any fruits, and that and the ice worried me all the time. I don't care much for the English hotels. They don't seem to me to be run right. They are all so slow. If you want a sandwich, why, they bring you in forty courses before you get the sandwich. It takes them three hours to eat dinner while I only take three-quarters of an hour or an hour at most. I didn't get on with them at all well. My ideas of things were so different and they and I couldn't talk together.

"I met several lords there, but they didn't strike as being anything out of the ordinary. The best treatment I got was from Clarence Mackey. You see I started in life in his father's bank in San Francisco and the way he treated me was out of sight. But I will say the English audiences treated me well. Whenever I'd come on, if it was only to say a line and make my exit, they'd applaud as if they were glad to have me on the stage.

"Another thing I liked in London was the cabs. They do get you about in a hurry. You jump in and those little two-wheelers whirl you over the ground. They dart in and out and around corners, and get you wherever you want to go in no time. They did everything they could for me in London, but somehow I didn't seem to be satisfied. I don't see exactly where London comes in with New York. They have no elevated roads, no cable cars, no trolleys; nothing but a lot of things as big as a house that go plugging along and never get anywhere.

"Then there are the cities in the provinces. They are mighty dull. I didn't know what to do with myself there. I made my people sit up with me to keep me from falling asleep too early. It was awful. And Edinburgh on Sunday was the worst of all. I got on pretty well in London on Sunday, because I could drive, and then there was the Prince of Wales' Club in the evening. But outside of London life wasn't worth while. They wouldn't let you play pool or billiards any night after 11 or 12 o'clock and you couldn't get anything to eat after midnight to save your soul.

"But Paris, that's the town. That's the 'hottest' place I ever struck. Why, life is one long holiday. Nobody seems to be working. Nobody seems to do anything. They are just out enjoying themselves. And, say, the boulevards and the Bois and the Champs Elysee, and the cafes with the pretty girls marching by! That's the city for me, next to New York, of course.

"The French like the American people right straight through and I don't believe the English do like them. I got on with the French well, though I couldn't say a word of their talk or they of English. I went everywhere in Paris. I'll say that I didn't overlook anything and that covers the case. I saw everything—well, I won't go into details, but there's nothing slow about Paris. And the women are pretty and well dressed. I was going to say they were the prettiest and the best dressed women in the world, but I don't think they quite come up to the best of our New York girls.

"These French girls are full of ginger. They are alive right straight through and you don't have to talk to them to understand what they're about. They do it all with pantomime and you know just what they mean. And they get themselves up so well. Their clothes fit them and they know what kind of things to wear and how to wear them. But I managed to talk to them. You see, I would say it to a man, and he would say it in French to whoever I was talking with. In that way I did very well.

"I got in with five Americans in Paris, and they didn't have anything but money. They gathered me right in with them and I didn't miss a thing. I was in every restaurant in Paris worth speaking of. I can't remember the names, but I was there. They know how to cook. I liked everything they brought me. They fix everything up to look so well, and they fix it so that you can't help but like it. I don't know how they do it, but they can cook out of sight.

"I went to the races there. They were all right, only they don't seem to care much for speed. But the way that they bet is rotten. You have to stand in line and take your turn, and it is slow and you don't exactly know where your money went or how much you stand to win. The English way of betting is different from the French way, but it's rotten, too. Over here we have the bookmakers all in a line with their blackboards up, and you can walk along and see the odds and make your bets. In England the bookies walk around and call out and they have no boards, and you may get the best odds and you may not. I went down to the race for the Northumberland Plate, and I put up £20 with Jem Mace, who's retired from the prize ring and taken to bookmaking. And I won, too, something over £20.

"But, to go back to France, they don't understand boxing over there. I didn't know, at the first night when I went out I sparred as usual, quick blows, sticking close to my man. Well, the people liked it; but the French reporters said to me afterwards that, while it was all right, they thought I went too quick, and did not give them a chance to see when I scored. They had the idea that it was like fencing, and that I ought to run in and make a hit, and then jump off. Well, I took that cue, and the next night I rushed in and tapped my man—one, two, three, and jumped off. You ought to have seen how they applauded.

"After that I got on all right and had big applause. I could have gone all over Europe from Paris. The King of Belgium sent a special request for me to come to Antwerp, as he wanted to see me box, but I couldn't go. In Paris the champion French boxer, Charlemont, gave out that he was going to box with me. But afterwards he came down and told me that he had decided not to. I went up to his place and he gave an exhibition of savatte. That is the French way of boxing with the feet. They wear a pair of thick-soled shoes and kick at each other, anywhere, on the shins or on the legs or body. It takes a lot of skill. But my way is to stand solid on the feet when you're fighting. If you use your feet, there's no reason why you couldn't break a man's neck.

"I didn't bring back any curiosities with me. In fact, I didn't buy a thing in England. I've got my same clothes I went away with, and my hat is a sight. It's been worn so hard and so long. I didn't even buy a necktie. Yes, I did buy something. In Paris I got ten pairs of gloves, but that was all. In Ireland I bought a bundle of blackthorn canes, as mementos, and I brought them with me.

"I'm mighty glad to get back to this country. I understand the people here and their way of thinking. And I want to say that the best way for an American to learn to really appreciate his own country is to go over there. Then he'll see what a great place he comes from and how quick the people are and how convenient and comfortable everything is.

"The thing I have most in my mind just now is the fight with Jackson. I am willing to fight him anywhere to a finish. I thought he would be in New York when I got here. I don't understand why he is not here. I will fight him anywhere on six months' notice. It seems to me that ought to suit him. I want him to meet me face to face and talk over the arrangements. And whatever I have got to say to Peter Jackson I'll say to his face.

"I am out of condition now, and I would want six months to get perfect. After that I am willing to meet him. And, if he means business, he'll be here in New York or let me hear from him."

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S LONDON ENGAGEMENT.

Rehearsals for Miss Lillian Russell's forthcoming season at the Lyceum Theatre, where Messrs. Brandon Thomas and Jacobowski's new opera, "The Queen of Brilliants," will be produced on Saturday, 8th Sept., are rapidly progressing. The company already engaged by Mr. Abud on behalf of his firm includes such well-known artists as Messrs. Arthur Williams, W. H. Denny, John Le Hay, Avon Saxon, Fred Wright, Compton Coutts, and Miss Lizzie Ruggles, whilst the American contingent, which sailed Aug. 11 on the s.s. *Aurania*, are represented by Miss Annie Meyers, Miss Laura Joyce (Mrs. Digby Bell), Mr. Westford, and Mr. Herbert Wilke.

HE: "There's something irresistible about the average summer girl; I wonder what it is?"

SHE: "You stupid fellow! It's a man's arm in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred."

MEMOIRS OF JEM BELCHER.

Because a man is a pugilist by profession it don't necessarily follow that he is a hard-hearted brute and has no sympathy for mankind. Those who possess the instincts of a brute invariably display cowardice when they are placed in a position which they are unable to extricate themselves from in a manly fashion, and it is those who are always in search of a gang of cut-throats to protect them from defeat. For a man who was capable of holding his own against all comers, kind-hearted and bashful in his manner, and ever ready to acknowledge defeat when such was his destiny, we may with impunity refer to Jem Belcher. In the ring he had a style of milling peculiarly his own.

Jem was born near St. James' Churchyard, in the City of Bristol, April 15, 1781, and when but seventeen years of age took to pugilism, entering the lists with Bitton, the Jew, March 6, 1798, near Bristol, and came off with flying colours in 33min. Two years later he journeyed to London, and went under the instructions of Bill Warr in Oxendon Street. Bill soon became convinced of Belcher's abilities, because in a set-to, in which both had a cut in, Jem floored the old veteran several times, and so baffled the old 'un's skill that a match was made for him to take on Tom, better known as Paddington Jones, for twenty-five guineas. They met at Wormwood Scrubbs, and Jones was forced to surrender in the same time that it took for Belcher to do the Jew, Bitton.

His three subsequent contests with Bartholomew, Gamble, and Fearby were of short duration, though each man was taller and much heavier than Jem, the second a giant, and Fearby a man above 14st. All of them had been conquerors in the ring, but stood no chance with Belcher. Though but twenty years of age he came in contact with Burke, who not only insulted but struck Jem, and they accordingly fought, after several interruptions from the police, at Hurley Bottom. The great fame and praise lavished upon the hero induced the Berkshire magistrates to apprehend Belcher for this assumed breach of the peace. The same spirit pursued Jem through several other of his undertakings—as an exhibition with gloves in Gray's Inn Lane, and another at Sadler's Wells Theatre—alleging that by his thus teaching in what manner and degree his science was superior to brutal strength, he outraged their finer feelings; whereas it was apparent to everyone that the very reverse was the fact, and that mere ruffianism at those exhibitions was always reprobated by the most ardent lovers of the fancy.

Being thus opposed in the quieter principles of milling, the magistrates exercised more stringent actions in frustrating his Ring encounters, so that the match made by Mr. Fletcher Reid for him against Burke a second time was suppressed in Yorkshire by a posse of police. The stakes upon that occasion were 2,900 guineas. They met casually at Camberwell Fair, in August, 1802, where Burke was overheard by Belcher, bragging how he would serve him out whenever he could find Jem. A short turn-up was the immediate consequence, in which Belcher got the best of the argument.

This brought about a more regular battle the next day for the great stakes and a purse also, both of which were won by Jem in fourteen rounds with scarcely a scratch, and to the total disfigurement of the giant-like bully. Burke, having the worst of the first three rounds, and going down in the fourth, he sought to repair the disadvantages by catching Belcher by the thighs and throwing him on his head. A foul was claimed, but Belcher declined to accept the decision that way, but walking up to Burke, pointed his finger at the face, and then stepped back. Burke rushed in and received three effective hits that took a lot of fight out of him. He was a glutton, however, and knew not that he was beaten. Belcher laughed outright in the ninth round, and put in several hard blows without a return. In the tenth round, both being on the ground, Burke sucked the blood from his mouth wounds and squirted it over Belcher. "Damn thee," said Belcher, "I'll pay thee out for that." Burke apologised hat it was accidental, though that failed to save him from a sound beating.

Belcher followed no trade in London, though he had worked as a butcher; but in 1803 he took a public-house, The Two Brewers, in Wardour Street, being at the time of his decease, in 1811, landlord of the Coach and Horses in Frith Street. In 1803, whilst playing racquets at the Fives Court, he met with an accident, which caused him the loss of an eye. That practically ended his ring career as a successful pugilist, and becoming weak, diseased, unlucky, and abashed, he resented an insult from Harry Pearce, the Game Chicken, with whom he entered the lists and experienced defeat. Subsequently, he twice fought Cribb, and met with reverses, though on one occasion it was a near thing.

Belcher died July 30, 1811, in consequence of a cold, contracted during his incarceration in the Surrey Gaol for an alleged breach of peace in the second fight with Cribb, when he was also fined, and both preyed upon his mind so as to hasten his demise.

His remains lie in the burying-ground of St. Marylebone. As a generous, kind-hearted, bashful fellow there never was one the superior of Belcher, and his remarkable speed in delivering both hands, though by no means a hard hitter, was the marvel of all who watched him perform. In all his battles he assumed defensive tactics, and that, with rapid hitting, generally puzzled the cleverest men of his time.

CHARLES SAMUELS.

An Aboriginal Sprinter who Could Rent the World.

It is a well-known fact that a few years back the biggest sprint handicaps ever promoted were run at Sydney, New South Wales, and a man who believed he could win a Botany could back himself to carry off as much as £10,000. The last big Botany was decided about five years ago, and in that event one man was backed in the books to win £10,000, several to win £8,000, three to win £5,000, and quite a number to win from £1,000 to £2,000. The death of Frank Smith and financial stringency were the main causes of the downfall of sprinting in Sydney. From 1885 to 1890 sprinting was developed as a fine art in Sydney, and it was during this world-famed boom that Charlie Samuels shone out as the bright particular star. Men whom he was called upon to meet, under all kinds of conditions, were trained up to the highest known standard of condition, and such a collection of physical examples of the trained athlete has never probably been seen elsewhere at any one time. Among the many hundreds of fairly good runners there were probably over fifty who either could run even time at 130yds, could beat it, or could get dangerously near that rate of speed. Many of the best colonial runners came from Queensland, where despite the higher latitude and warmer climate, high physical development in the native born white race is very noticeable. Aboriginal champions have also been found there. Before the advent of Charlie Samuels, George Combo was the great runner of the north. He was only 5ft 4in, weighing about 9st 4lb, and worked his way to the position of scratch man in Queensland. He was a great quarter-mile runner, and he has been estimated by people qualified to judge as being superior to Samuels at that distance, both judged at their best. He was nominated in several of the early Botany handicaps, and once started off from his home for Sydney. When he mounted a horse to set out, his dusky sweetheart made such a hubbub that Combo altered his mind and declined to leave his bush hearth, stone for possible Botany triumphs. He had a younger brother who possessed some of the family fleetness of foot. His patronymic was Sambo Combo, and the lot lived in the paternal gunyah at Sir Joshua Peter Bell's Jimbour station on the fertile Darling Downs. As the younger scion of the dusky Combos was destined for foot racing purposes his name was changed. Mr. William Robertson, then a stockrider at Jimbour, took Sambo in hand, and deeming it prudent not to approach the handicappers with another Combo, re-christened his charge "Charlie Samuels." At Dalby (Queensland) Samuels got 4 yds from James M'Garrigal in a handicap, the latter being scratch man. Samuels won the Dalby Handicap, beating M'Garrigal by nearly his start. He was then matched against Chamlers, a noted Queensland runner, but Chamlers forfeited. In a Toowoomba Handicap previous to this Samuels, 16yds, ran third to one O'Neil, 19yds; but O'Neil turned out to be none other than James Furlong, then a first-class runner. M'Garrigal was on scratch, and so had a lively contract on hand. At the same meeting Samuels won a hurdle race. In December of 1885 Samuels was sent to compete at Botany, but was run out by T. Geddes, in the Fifth Handicap, won by Lou Cassimer. He returned to the station, but was afterwards brought back to Sydney to compete in the Eighth Botany, run in August, 1886. Mr. Robertson came with him this time, and got him successfully through as the winner from the 14yds mark. He got credit for running 130yds in 13 1-5sec.

He was well backed, and the prize money given for the placed men amounted to 250 sovs, and trophies valued at 35 sovs. After Mr. Robertson had backed him, Billy Lees, then a flourishing bookmaker, who dabbled a good deal in foot-racing, got wind of his merits, and asked to see a trial. Mr. Lees' confidential man, Mr. T. M. Rose, also a well-known identity where running was concerned, was deputed to try the strange black fellow, and Samuels did such a trial with E. Hunt (then favourite for the Handicap), Donald Blyth, and another runner, that all present were convinced of his abilities, and Billy Lees and Company lost nothing when he subsequently won. So that there should be no doubt about it, they ran him three trials in one afternoon, and as he had shown evens consistently, and knocked spots off Hunt and the others with their starts, the select party knew they had a good thing in hand.

After the Botany performance Samuels was handicapped on marks, as the saying is, where he could be found, and any number of impossible tasks were set him. He was a runner in Peter Maloney's Botany (March, 1887) from 9yds mark, on which also stood Harry Hutchens, the Champion of England. Samuels was run out by Jas. W. Byrnes 17½yds, and when the Putney flyer came to meet Byrnes in the final he also finished behind him. For four or five years Samuels ran with considerable success in handicaps, both on the flat and over hurdles. Although winning short handicaps with the starts he had to concede was almost impossible, he landed good stakes for his backers in winning heats whereon large amounts were staked. He won three of the four matches he ran against Hutchens. Three of these were genuine races and one was not, and in the last match Samuels got a concession of 3yds in 130. He did not need his start and won easily. Samuels was strictly game, and could run faster in a race than a trial. Many good runners cannot race at all when pinched for an effort. They don't stand a severe strain, lose their style, and fall to pieces under pressure. Give them half a yard the better of matters and they are all right, but once the pinch comes and they reach the limit of their powers a collapse follows. Samuels was not one of these. He could *race* under any circumstances—forlorn hope or otherwise—and is a pronounced refutation of the common idea that aboriginals are not stout-hearted under pressure. Many of them are very game; but they are not all like him, of course. Between the Hutchens matches Samuels beat Tom Malone, getting 1½yd in 150yds—another concession he could probably have managed to do without, although Malone ran a good race for 100yds, and was a foeman worthy of any runner's steel when well.

In M'Garrigal's famous Botany Handicap Samuels performed some of his most brilliant deeds. He reached the final, after putting up splendid runs, and conceding both good and passable runners long starts. It took a good man to give the late J. J. Moore 6yds and a beating. This he did, and when he came to the final heat he had to stand 5yds behind a man like James M'Garrigal, who was being credited in that handicap with running somewhere about 7yds inside even time (official). Frank Nowland was 9yds in front of him. Samuels finished a yard behind M'Garrigal. His performance stands out as the greatest ever accomplished in Australia, but perhaps may be nearly equalled by some of the wonderful achievements of the same runner in the Carrington Grounds (Sydney) 300yds races. He won three of these events, and ran second in another, starting from scratch, and giving away up to about twenty yards. He won the 75yds handicap at Carrington, got into several finals, and won a few small handicaps elsewhere. He won a little double at Burwood one day, when he was credited with flying something like 11yds faster than evens. In hurdle races he performed well, but was not a champion over sticks. A quarter of a mile was beyond his tether, but up to 300yds Charlie Samuels was one of the wonderful runners of the world. He is not a big man, though built for speed. He stood 5ft 8½in, weighed about 9st 4lb out of training, but scaled up to 10st 7lb when made up by careful training to be at his best. Nearly all aboriginals are lazy and indolent. He was no exception, and did a great deal of smoking at all times. He smoked before and after he ran, and after his first year or two in Sydney became a victim to some of the vices of civilisation. He occasionally got drunk, too; but was got into the wonderfully good form at one period by Dick Stevens, who was a clever trainer of aboriginals. With a remarkably short body, his length from hip to toe was so long as to be out of proportion to his height. He was not a particularly quick beginner, but when fairly on the move flew along with a measured, skimming, telling stride, his arms swinging the while. There was a certain amount of grandeur in his carriage, and he impressed more as demonstrating power, fleetness, and determination than as a pretty runner; although he often roused spectators on the terraces to exhibitions of excitement as he mowed down his men in front. His average stride was 7ft 2in to 7ft 5in. On the occasion of one of his matches with Hutchens it was seen that he averaged two or three inches more than the Englishman, who was a bigger man. In a special finishing effort Samuels has been known to put in several 9ft strides in reaching for the tape, but this is not extraordinary for a good runner like him. He was conceded to be a sound 5yds better than evens on a good level track, with pistol-fire start and accurate timing. With anything favourable, such as wind, or getting a go on the gun, he might have done something better, for there is no knowing the correct extent of such advantages. Fortunately this great exponent of Australian sprinting holds the best official time-record in the Colonies, credited to him at Botany, in December, 1888. In one heat he was clocked at 8yds inside and in another at 9yds inside, but his go in the final heat, which he did not win, was probably his finest run. At Carrington his best time was equal to 4½yds inside evens on two occasions. This great runner's career may be considered closed, although he is but twenty-nine years of age, for a big city's variety of "civilisation" has not done him any permanent good. His present residence is at the Aboriginal camp, La Perouse, and his visits to Sydney generally end in a carouse, with the variation occasionally of a fine at the police court for disorderly conduct.

JEALOUS OF A RIVAL.

The Lash for a Young Actress who was becoming a Favourite.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In no profession does so much jealousy exist as amongst the theatrical folk, and particularly so with actresses. Report has it that at a well known Continental theatre recently a young performer was roundly applauded, whilst the star of the play was given rather a cold reception. This created intense jealousy on the part of the slighted actress, who, to avenge her feelings, secured a horsewhip, and directly the show was at an end she had her lover pinion the arms of the favoured one behind her back till she was severely beaten about the neck and shoulders. The management became indignant, but was finally forced to dispense with the services of the inexperienced actress in order to induce the jealous one to fulfil the engagement.

FLIRTING AT THE SEASIDE.

How Those on Limited Salaries make the Best of a Short Vacation.

(Subject of Illustration.)

During the summer season the working classes generally spend every penny they have saved in nine months for the sake of putting on a bit of "side" when they take a holiday at the seaside. Many acquaintances are formed, some of which terminate in happy marriages, but occasionally a clerk with a thirty bob a week "screw" will endeavour to convince all whom he comes in contact with that he is a real swell. Flirting is a portion of his business, and he will resort to all manner of schemes to form as many acquaintances as possible. The first meeting may not be productive of results, but it is only a question as to how soon he will catch on. He will spend his money like a prince, and lavish any amount of affection upon his newly-formed acquaintance during a stroll, or whilst seated in a quiet spot away from the sight of those on the sands. His promises are decidedly liberal and profuse. As for diamonds, the fair one can have as many as she might fancy, according to his say. To get the true standing of the pair that have been deceiving each other you have only to follow them when they journey home, or watch how they obtain a livelihood, and it is any odds that you will find the fair charmer amongst other charwomen, telling them of the promised diamond from such a wealthy gentleman. The gentleman! You will catch him in some draper's shop, serving up poor people with goods over the counter. They have both had a bit of sport, and each happy in the thought that the deception escaped detection.

A MIDNIGHT SCENE IN LONDON.

How Gay Young Men and Women Meet at Places Conducted as Private Clubs.

ADA BLANCHE.

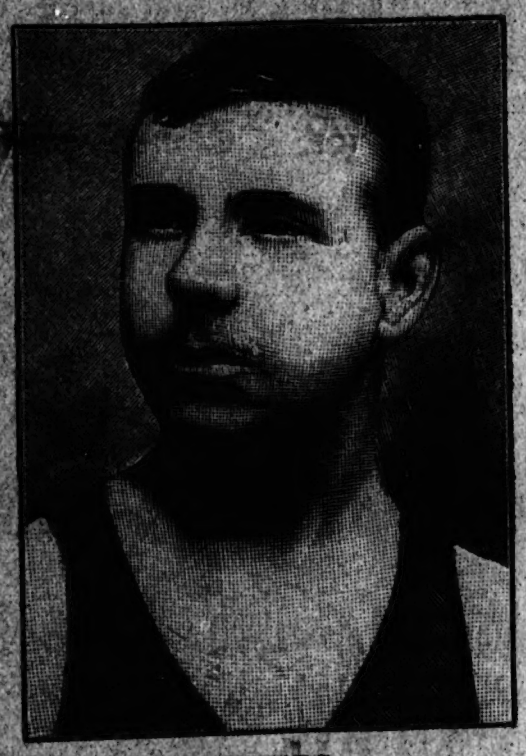
A Talented Performer who is a Big Favourite.

SAM DEARIN.

The Great American Traveller, who is Appearing with Success at the Pavilion.

TED BEACH OF WEST GREEN.

A North London Pugilist who Challenges All Comers at 6st. 6lb.

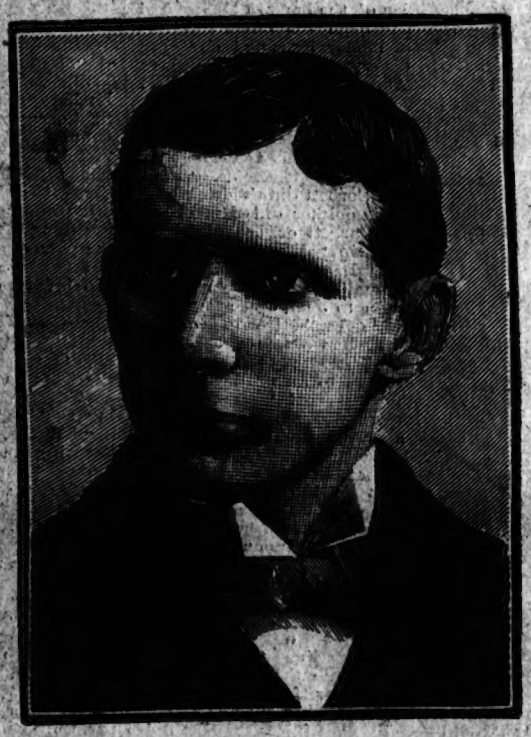


J. H. TYERS.

Amateur Champion Swimmer of Great Britain.

FLORA ORMOND.

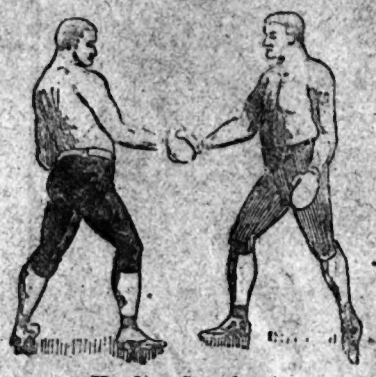
A Talented Young Lady who is a Rising Vocalist and Dancer.



PROFESSOR CALVERTO.

A Clever Shadowgraph Artist, called the "Trewey of the North."

AROUND THE RING.



Yankee Bombast.

Brady's Foolish Talk.

Corbett Affected, Too.

Crisp Knocks Howley Out.

O'Brien Ready for Craig.

The Coffee Cooler will Soon be Here.

For a consummate prevaricator of the truth William A. Brady, the tramp in "Gentleman Jack," and manager for James J. Corbett, the boxer, ranks well in front of any of the bombastic pugilistic managers of modern times. On landing in New York city after his disastrous tour in Great Britain he relieved himself as follows:—"The beef and beer in England has agreed with Jem, and he now scales 13st 10lb. He met the Prince of Wales, and the Prince saw him box. Both were pleased with each other. Our trip was a big success. Of course we were not in much favour with the nobility, because Corbett wouldn't toady to them. Do you think it is policy for a great American pugilist to run after English noblemen? I don't, and neither did Corbett. Why didn't we agree to fight at the National Sporting Club? Well, I'll tell you. The members are all for Jackson to a man, and with a twenty-round limit and an English referee Corbett wouldn't have got fair play. Why, while I was at London I went four times to the National Sporting Club to see fights, and when the mill lasted the twenty rounds there was invariably a loud kick against the referee's decision. I'm afraid there might be a repetition of this if Jackson and Corbett met there. We will agree to fight anywhere in America as long as the purse is guaranteed. We do not hold out for any special money, but naturally we are looking for as big an incentive as we can secure.

"Next summer we will return to Europe. We have signed a twelve weeks' contract to appear at all the principal cities. We will take in Germany, Italy, Belgium, Russia, and perhaps Turkey. Paris is boxing-mad at present. Right in the heart of the city fights take place nightly. Some day, I was told, an effort will be made to secure a big international battle. If they make a bid for Corbett and Jackson my man will certainly box there."

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The same ailment that has taken such a strong grip upon Brady is also imbued in Corbett, because he writes to a friend: "What a reception I got in Ireland; they took possession of the hack in Dublin and dragged me through the streets. We've made a lot of money here, and I've been well received everywhere. I shall open my season in America, at Atlantic City, August 15."

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Such rot may be interesting to the Americans, but the people here who know the real facts will find it decidedly nauseating, because Corbett didn't drink beer in this country, neither did His Royal Highness meet Corbett or see him box. The party anticipated a visit of the Royalty to Drury Lane Theatre, but were doomed to disappointment. The nobility paid no attention to Jem, and sportsmen gave him a wide berth, because of his refusal to fight when a fair proposition was advanced. The Drury Lane engagement was brought to an untimely end, because less than 200 people were present at one of the performances, and at no time was there a large audience present. Glasgow week showed a profit, but all the other engagements were disastrous failures. In Paris Corbett got a certainty to box nightly. Some of the members of the company claimed that the "Ghost" didn't walk regularly, so that bears out our claim of a financial failure. Corbett did toady to people, but they were, in some instances, not the kind that would benefit him in preparing for a ring contest.

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Corbett didn't decline the National Sporting Club because the ring was too small, or that he was fearful of unjust treatment; on the contrary, he was afraid he would have to fight fairer than he did at Jacksonville. As for the size of the ring, he was told that it could be made 24ft square if desired. The National Sporting Club members were courteous enough to extend the freedom of the Club to Corbett and his party. They availed themselves of the courtesy, and it is rather a miserable way of reciprocating the kindness shown them in London. Mr. B. J. Angle is the official referee of the club, and he is a gentleman who has forgotten as much as Corbett will ever know about the game. His decisions are unquestioned, and any man who gets 3,000 miles before he dares to cast such an imputation or slur as does Brady, displays ignorance and malice of the most contemptible description. Mr. Angle's decisions have never been hissed, because they are always fair; again, the club members are gentlemen, and would not resort to such actions.

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Corbett came here to show and not fight, because Brady said so in a confidential way to several of his intimate friends. We will admit that a parcel of "Snides" advised him not to fight there because Jackson was a favourite, but the self-same "Snides" who doled out the advice wouldn't be permitted to even lay on the door-steps as a door-mat lest the members might pollute the soles of their boots in coming in contact with their "togs." Brady says they will come here next summer, but that is rot; we shan't have a bridge built across the ocean by that time, and it is too great a distance to swim. If Brady were as shrewd as he professes to be, he should have at least told things as they really were, and the Americans would have had more respect for what he said.

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By scoring a victory over John Howley, of Great Harwood, at Ginnett's Circus, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, August 6, George Crisp, of Newcastle, will be matched to box Jerry Driscoll twenty rounds at the National Sporting Club in October, for a purse. Howley and Crisp were to box twelve rounds, under what are known as the Queensberry Rules, with 4oz gloves, for £50 a-side, 10st 12lb, give or take 2lb, was the restriction as to weight, and the ring 16ft. The ordeal of weighing took place at five p.m. at Douglas Royal Hotel, and as may be well imagined was watched with considerable interest. Betting was quite spirited. With odds on, Crisp secured a lead in the opening round, which was rather uninteresting. The second round was more spirited, with advantages equal. During the third round both drew blood, Crisp having his left eye badly swollen. Howley made great use of himself, and scored mainly with the left. And yet he frequently fell into his old habit of swinging the left where there was nothing to meet it. Both acted on the defensive at the beginning of the fourth round. Howley was the first to start business, and the men got to milling at close range, Crisp doing the most effective work. Falling off weak in the fifth round Howley was receiver-general for some heavy blows. Crisp finally floored his man, who was saved from defeat by the call of time. At the outset of round six Crisp set about his man in a business-like fashion, and knocked Howley down. He slowly regained his feet, and made just one more erratic pass, which Crisp easily escaped. Then came the climax, as Crisp, with a dexterous punch on the jaw, very skilfully administered, knocked Howley down close to the ropes, and an end came to the contest, which, though short, was in every sense a fight to a finish. Crisp was thereupon declared the winner.

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Tom Williams, the Australian, now located at Aldershot, visited America in the early part of 1893, and on April 18 he was defeated by Billy Smith in two rounds, lasting 5min 35sec, for a purse of 5,000 dols. and the 10st championship. It was Williams' fight up to the time Smith landed a right hander on a vital spot. The fight occurred at the Coney Island Athletic Club, New York State. At the same place August 29, Tom Ryan, of Chicago, fought Smith a six-round draw for 5,000dols. Since then efforts have been made to bring about a prolonged match between Smith and Ryan, and it finally resulted in the pair coming together at Minneapolis, in a twenty-round contest, the men being restricted to 10st 2lb each in weight. Four-ounce gloves were used, and Joe Choynski filled the office as referee. Smith tried hard to serve Ryan with the same kind of a blow that he dealt Williams, but the Chicago man was on the alert, and kept at long range work. He performed in a systematic manner, and kept his left hand continually in Smith's frontispiece. Securing an advantage in the first few rounds, he managed to gradually wear Smith down to such an extent that he was given the verdict at the end of the twentieth round. Smith was badly exhausted, and could not have come to the scratch more than a round or two more.

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Ryan is now desirous of coming to this country to do battle, providing a suitable purse is offered, to meet Williams or any other 10st man. He is a remarkably clever man, very shifty on his feet, and his long reach and effective left hand enables him to keep his opponents from performing effectively with the right hand. In Chicago, he is heavily backed, and were he to fight in this country considerable money would be sent here to back him to win any match he engaged to take on.

* * *

Joe McAuliffe, of San Francisco, is imbibing rather freely of late, and is said to be on the downward track. At Sacramento recently, a man drew a revolver and threatened to kill him, but McAuliffe took no heed of the imminent danger, and, approaching the man, dared him to shoot. In San Francisco he came near having a rough fight with Peter Jackson, but friends interfered and took the men in opposite directions.

* * *

Jerry Marshall, the Australian coloured pugilist now in the States, can be backed for any part of £500, to fight George Johnson, of London, at 8st 10lb. Marshall will accept expenses to fight here, or allow Johnson a suitable money to go to America and do battle.

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A six-round battle between Alf. Golding of Hoxton, and Ginger Elliott, of Bethnal Green, was decided at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, August 4. Golding demonstrated his superiority in the early part of the meeting, and at the finish of round six he was given the award.

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At the Lambeth School of Arms, August 4, Dave Burke was awarded the decision over Tim Sullivan in a four-round contest, and a bout of six rounds between Tom Hands and Bill Peploe was decided in favour of the last-named.

* * *

Bill Lee gave us a programme at the Bermondsey School of Arms, August 4, two six-round fights and the final of a 7st competition. For the last-named event Harry Williams bested George Stanton, and was declared the winner. In the first six-round meeting Alf Jobson planted a severe stomach blow on Tom Halpin in the second round. The latter doubled up, and holding his stomach with the left hand he extended the right as a signal of defeat. Alf White boxed through six rounds with Jack Goldswain, but the latter displayed the greater amount of cleverness, which gained for him the victory.

* * *

Jack Hughes, who recently fought Curley, of Hackney, in Paris, took a successful benefit at the rooms of the Tottenham Athletic Club, in High Street, Tottenham, August 3. Bert Smith, of Edmonton, was referee in two contests which were fought to a decision. H. Wisbersen scored over Jumbo Nichols, and H. Sparks got away with G. Lawrence.

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Dummy Withers and Ginger Stewart are to box twenty rounds for a purse of £25.

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Nobby Clark, of Birmingham, contemplates a visit to the States in the autumn.

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Harry Fenwick, the Arkansas Kid., recently knocked Tommy Danforth out in seven rounds at Minneapolis, U.S.A.

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Patrons of pugilism will be pleased to learn that Harry Spurden, the 9st champion, is recovering the use of his right arm, and in course of a month it will be as strong and useful as ever. He is being treated by Prof. Atkinson, who claims that the injured limb is much better than it was a week ago. Spurden is a quiet unassuming fellow, and commands the respect of not only the pugilists themselves, but those who support the game. His brother George, too, is convalescent and will make a bid for fistic honours when the season opens up.

* * *

Young Ted Napper, of Shoreditch, will be afforded an opportunity to display his skill in the ring shortly, because Manager Fleming, of the National Sporting Club, has agreed to give a purse and match him up against a lad of equal weight for an October meeting. If he inherits any of old Ted Napper's talent he should gradually forge his way into the front ranks in his class.

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Bert Smith, of Edmonton, would like a customer at even weight. He expresses a desire to dispute honours with young Ted Napper providing the National Sporting Club would give a purse.

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By strict attention to training John O'Brien, of Cardiff, is gaining the confidence of the Welsh sporting men, and when the time arrives for him to meet Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, at the National Sporting Club, they will bet freely upon their favourite. For the past year O'Brien has been taking the best of care of himself, and tended strictly to business. His victory over David St. John made him many warm admirers, and it is claimed that since then he has not only improved in health, but in his fighting judgment too. He will find in Frank Craig a foeman worthy of recognition for premier honours in the middle-weight division, and should he come out of the meeting a winner he can safely call himself the best middle-weight in the kingdom and good enough to fight any man in the world in that class, bar Bob Fitzsimmons.

Mike Donovan sailed for New York City Wednesday last, and upon his arrival home he will at once arrange for Craig's immediate departure to this country. He is favourably impressed with the National Club, and will instruct the Black not to contend in any other club-room here for a purse or stake-money battle.

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Bob Fitzsimmons took on a 13st 5lb pugilist named Frank Kellar, in a four round contest at Buffalo, U.S.A., July 28. Lanky Bob sized up his task in the opening round, and in the second concluded the engagement with a right-hand punch on the jaw. Kellar fell like a log, the blood spurting from ears, mouth and nose. It required ten minutes of hard work on the part of his attendants to restore him to consciousness.

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Martin Denny, the Australian, is desirous of meeting Johnny Boyle, of Glasgow, in a twenty round contest, at catch weights, for £100 a-side and a purse.

* * *

Steve O'Donnell, an Australian heavyweight, will probably be a sparring partner to James J. Corbett when the champion boxer goes on tour in the States.

* * *

George Dixon celebrated his twenty-fourth birthday July 29. He was born in Halifax, N.S., in 1870.

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Dan Creedon, the middle-weight pugilist, has purchased an interest in a restaurant in St. Louis, U.S.A., where he will take up his permanent residence. He wants to match his foster-brother, Tom Tracey, to fight Tommy Ryan, of Chicago.

UNJUST TREATMENT TO DR. GRACE.

An extraordinary scene was witnessed on the county ground at Bristol the other day in connection with the Gloucestershire and Sussex cricket match. Owing to the state of the turf and the weather the umpires decided about half-past two that play was impossible, whereupon an angry feeling was manifested by the crowd, which numbered about 2,000, and there was a hostile demonstration in front of the pavilion. Pressing against the railings large numbers of people hooted Dr. W. G. Grace and demanded their money back. The veteran, who kept perfectly cool throughout, endeavoured to pacify the most excited of the crowd by telling them that they could have passes for the next day, but this proved of no avail, although most people know that there is no provision for returning money taken at a cricket gate. "W. G." made more than one attempt to restore the good humour of the people, but each time he appeared he had an extremely unpleasant reception. In order to do something for the crowd, he arranged an exhibition game of Association football, including himself amongst the players. When they had donned their flannels, and the champion led the way out of the pavilion, some 700 people packed themselves in front, and offered uncompromising resistance. It was clear they were in a nasty mood, and at length he returned to the pavilion. Twice afterwards he announced that, on the umpires' decision, cricket was out of the question, and Murdoch, for whom a big shout had been made, came out and endorsed the Doctor's remarks. The excitement showed no signs of abating, and after a lapse of twenty minutes the cricketers made a move for the gates, "W. G." and Murdoch being escorted by three stalwart policemen. The crowd surged around, and there was every indication of a serious disturbance, but at length, after some difficulty, cricketers and police found their way to the gates, and the celebrated players drove off. Old sportsmen, who can remember forty years of cricket and more, were amazed at the occurrence, which is without a parallel, at any rate so far as Bristol is concerned. The most noisy section of the mob was composed mainly of Bristol East-enders. One regrettable fact was that after the umpires' decision people were allowed to pay at the gate and go upon the ground.

He: "If I should propose to you what would be the outcome?"

She: "It would depend entirely upon the income."

* * *

Fond Mother: "Why, Jane, you let the baby swallow that pin."

Jane: "Yis, mum, but it was a safety pin."

* * *

Mdme. Salomon: "Lawks amussy! Isaac, Isaac, don't you hear! There's somebody snoring under the bed. It must be a burglar."

Mr. Salomon: "Hush, Rebecca! no noise; let him sleep; we'll charge him for his lodging to-morrow morning."

* * *

May: "Did the duke say he loved you?"

Ethel: "He said he loved the ground I walked on."

May: "Where were you when he said it?"

Ethel: "Out visiting papa's gold mine."

ON LAND AND WATER.

In the swimming world the amateur champion, Mr. J. H. Tyers, has had a very busy time; on August 4 he won the 440yds Championship of the North, and on August 6 the 500yds, and this being the third time in succession he takes the Cup. The same day two pairs of trousers was his share in the open 100yds handicap, and August 7 the half-mile Championship of England fell to his lot. Nothing would please our champion better than a meeting with Gormly, the "Australian wonder," but £1,000 is wanted to meet expenses.

* * *

Mat Hunter, a 17 year old member of St. Luke's Choir Club, playing against Mr. Willis's eleven at Hyde Farm on Bank Holiday, took five wickets with five successive balls. In all he took seven wickets in the first innings against a team which averaged 30 years.

* * *

The managers of the Imperial Athletic Club, of San Francisco, have offered a purse for a contest between Joe McAuliffe and John L. Sullivan, to take place in the fall. San Francisco sporting men say that McAuliffe has improved wonderfully, and believe that he can easily defeat the once invincible John L. McAuliffe has announced his willingness to accept the offer, but no reply has been received from Sullivan.

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The Olympic Club, of New Orleans, offer a purse for a finish fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Dan Creedon at the middle weight limit, but Bob has grown so heavy that it is doubtful if he could reduce himself to 11st 4lb.

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D. Gentry and G. Jones are to row in gigs from Putney Bridge to Hammersmith Bridge, Sept. 3, for £10 a side.

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Sprinters will be pleased to learn that £100 in prizes will be given for a 201yds Doncaster Handicap to be decided at Sheaf House Grounds, Sheffield, September 8 and 10, and on September 15 and 17 cash prizes to the amount £50 will be distributed for a 135yds handicap at Lea Bocok Grounds, Wednesbury.

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George Holden, of Walsall (son of "old" George Holden), has just taken up his residence in Birmingham as a bonfface, having taken the Shakespeare Inn, Nelson Street, King Edward Road, Birmingham. About thirty years ago "Young" George Holden's name was a household word in connection with the prize ring. He has taken part in some memerable battles in the old style, and his first encounter of note was when he met Charley Lynch, the American, over whom he scored a clever victory. He suffered defeat, however, at the hands of Peter Morris. They met a second time, the battle ending in a draw. George also met Jack Lead, at whose hands he suffered defeat, but to atone for that reverse he vanquished "Mick the Grecian."

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Jake Gaudaur, Champion Sculler of America, wants to row Thomas Sullivan, The New Zealand oarsmen. He has issued a formal and genuine challenge to Sullivan for a match for the aquatic championship of the world. The Canadian sculler fixes the stakes at not less than 1,000dols. a-side, but intimates his willingness to arrange for a larger sum if agreeable to Sullivan. He will accept 250dols. for expenses and row over the Thames championship course, or allow 500dols. to Sullivan to row in the States.

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Punch Vaughan and Tansey Barker, local pugilists, contested a ten round match, with four ounce gloves, at the Malakoff Boxing Club, Liverpool, August 6, for £10 a-side and an added purse of £15. Both had carefully trained for the bout and entered the ring in good condition, Barker being the taller and heavier of the pair. The opening round was rather uninteresting, but in the second the man indulged in some severe infighting that told on each. On parting Barker got in with effect on the face, and in return he received a cross-counter on the jaw that had him all but out. The call of time saved Barker from being polished off. At the call of time for the third round Vaughan essayed to repeat the dose he gave Barker in the previous round, but failed to accomplish the trick. The last-named partially recovered, and though he fought gamely up to the close of the tenth round, he was never able to get upon level terms with Vaughan, who was declared winner of a well-contested match.

* * *

The annual contest for the professional punting championship of the Thames was decided over the championship course in Bray Reach, Aug. 11, before a large attendance. There were eighteen entries against twenty-seven last year, the holder of the championship, Charlie Aspin, jun., being among the absentees. The entry was as follows:—J. Shorter, T. Clements, C. Richardson, B. Simmonds, J. Stone, and A. Young, of Maidenhead; G. Harris, W. Howkins, and T. Howkins, of Oxford; C. Sparks, C. Bredell, and G. Dyos, of Staines; W. Haines, George Haines, and Frank Haines, of Old Windsor; Tom Lee, of Twickenham; C. Thompson, of Eton; and H. Atkins, of Bray. All there save Bradell competed. There were nine preliminary heats, and the final was between George Haines, W. Haines, and Tom Lee. The race was an exciting one between the Haines, first one and then the other being a foot or two in front. Both negotiated the Rye Peck together, and a desperate race home of the ding-ding order ensued. It was impossible to spot the winner, as first George and then Bill would gain a trifling lead. Ultimately, amid great excitement, W. Haines won by barely 2ft, Lee being two lengths astern. The times were—W. Haines, 11min 35sec; Geo. Haines, 11min 36sec; and Tom Lee, 11min 46sec. The winner received a gold medal, presented by Mr. W. H. Gromfell, and £15; the second man £12, and the third £8. Frank Haines secured the prize of £5 for the fastest loser. A punting race for boys under fifteen was won by W. Edwards; F. Pizzy being second, and W. Iyall, third. Won by a length; foot between second and third.

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Mr. J. Ross, one of the most famous of the Association football players in England, died suddenly on August 7. Ross was a full back in the North End team for years. He came from the Heart of Midlothian in 1883. No cleverer exponent of the Association game has been in England. He was only thirty-two years of age.

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At the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, August 11, Bert Bolton, of St. George's, and Harry Edwards, of Shoreditch, boxed six rounds of a give-and-take description. Edwards was the heavier of the pair, and was declared the winner. Fred Johnson and Ted White were the judges, Tommy Orange timekeeper, and Jack Dennison referee.

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An eight round contest at the Lambeth School of Arms, August 11, was brought to a sudden termination, the opponents being Bill Nelson, of Battersea, and G. Cameron, of Lambeth. Nelson forced the exchanges, and compelled the Lambeth lad to retire before the second round was finished.

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The principal event of the Finchley Harriers' Field Meeting, August 11, at Wembley Park, was a three-quarters of a mile scratch race, for which most of the best runners at the distance in the south of England were entered. Victory fell to A. Millett, Finchley H., who won by four yards in 3min 12 3-5 sec, exceptionally fast time. C. Pearce, L. and N.W.R.A.C., was second, and J. Kibblewhite, Essex B., third. A. Ware (12½ yards start) won the 120 Yards Members' Handicap, W. Pearce (9) being second. Time, 12 1-5sec. The Boys' Race was won by W. C. Brewer (65), C. H. Jacobs (scratch) finishing a yard behind. Time, 18 3-5sec. H. G. Newham (Epsom H.) secured the 300 Yards Open Handicap with 11 yards start, W. Pearce (Finchley H.) (21) being second, and A. McLeod (Polytechnic H.) (29) third. Time, 31 1-5sec. The Half-Mile Open Handicap fell to W. Shelcott (Falcon H.) (48), E. Shrewsbury (Polytechnic H.) (23) being next, and L. Bignell (Goldsmiths' Institute) (52) third. Time, 2min 1sec.

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Two games of baseball were played at Balham, August 11, in the competition for the Knowles' trophy. The results were: Remington's v. a Picked Team.—An exciting match ended in favour of the Picked Team by four runs. Scores: Picked Team, 14; Remington's, 10 runs.

"J.'s" v. Electrics.—A splendid game, the "J's" being beaten by one run. Scores: Electrics, 23; "J's," 22.

* * *

A race meeting, organised by the well-known Buffalo Club, of Paris, took place at Herne Hill track Aug. 11. On paper the programme was very attractive, containing as it did the names of nearly every notable English and Continental professional rider. Zimmerman, the American, who won several of our amateur championships a couple of seasons back, was the great draw, and in spite of the doubtful weather and the high price charged for admission, about 6,000 or 7,000 spectators were present. The opening event, a Quarter-Mile Race against time from a standing start, was secured by Zimmerman, who covered the distance in 30 4-5sec, and thereby beat the existing English record for the distance. J. W. Schofield, of Birmingham, who did a second slower, was second; G. A. Banker, another American, third. Zimmerman was very unfortunate in the Five Miles Profession Race, as in the last lap there was a bad spill, and W. Verheyen, of Germany, and James, of Cardiff, came down, and all were somewhat cut about. The race fell to A. C. Edwards, who defeated H. C. Wheeler, of America, and Louvet, of Paris, after a close finish, in 12min 49sec. A Five Miles Tandem Record was won by A. W. Harris and G. A. Banker, A. C. Edwards and T. Relph finishing second. Two amateur events were also decided. A Ten Miles Race was won by J. A. Robertson, of Peterborough, from U. L. Lambley, Chelsea, and T. G. Brooks, Polytechnic, while a Mile Handicap was won by the veteran Speedwell rider, T. H. Adams, who had 45 yards start.

The fifty miles championship road cycling of the Southern Road-riding Association was won, on August 11, by C. G. Wridgeway, of the Anerley B.C., in the fast time of 2 hours 25min 11 2-5sec, R. Palmer, Clapham C.C., being second, and P. F. A. Gomme, Mid-Surrey, third. Wridgeway, from scratch, also won the Sealed Handicap, takes the association's gold medal, and holds the "Roberts" Challenge Shield for the ensuing year.

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Ten days' play will see the Cricket Championship decided in favour of Surrey or Yorkshire. Middlesex, who had a possible chance until they failed to beat Gloucestershire, on August 11, are now out of the running. Yorkshire, by their victory over Kent at Canterbury, again tie with Surrey, eight points each. As matters now stand, it is possible for the Metropolitan county to come out of the competition with twelve points to their credit, while Yorkshire, with a match less to play, can at best secure eleven points. The Northern county, with Middlesex, Gloucestershire, and Somersetshire to contend against, should find their hardest task with Middlesex; while Surrey, with Gloucestershire, Lancashire, Kent, and Sussex, will experience most trouble with Lancashire and Kent.

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The feature of the Celtic F.C. sports at Glasgow on August 11 was the magnificent running of F. E. Bacon, who, in the One Mile Handicap, gave G. Crossland, of the Salford Harriers, 40 yards start and a beating in the splendid time of 4min 21 3-5 sec. C. Bradley, the sprint champion, in the 120 Yards Race, made a dead heat of it for third place with M. Wittenberg, who was receiving a start of 2½ yards.

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Archibald W. Sinclair died at the infirmary, Wright Lane, August 11, after a short illness. His name still appears in the handbooks as holder of the amateur records from 31 miles to 120 inclusive, and the hours' records from 9 hours to 24, also inclusive. These records prove in his day he was almost without a rival, as directly he turned his attention to this branch of sport he soon eclipsed the performances of Dixon, Dundas, and others, and after setting a record over here he journeyed to America, where he distinguished himself in matches and contests arranged for endurance. Although he had for some time quitted the cinder path, he was yet identified with the game, and in addition to the promotion of pedestrian and other races, Sinclair has for some time occupied the important post of manager of the sporting department at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. The deceased was in his forty-fifth year. He was born on the 2nd of June, 1849, at Ayr, in Scotland. He leaves a wife, but no family. Sinclair was educated in Edinburgh College, and took to athletics at an early age. Among his most notable performances were his 100 miles running race against time in November, 1884.

GERMAN PRINCE A HEAVY BETTOR.

A correspondent, writing from Saratoga, New York, U.S.A., says:—"A German prince, whose marriage to the daughter of a New York millionaire in Paris a few years ago will be recalled by the social world, has for some time been here with his wife, occupying a suite of rooms in the Grand Union Hotel. Since his arrival he has seldom been seen about the hotel, taking his meals in his apartments and living quietly until a few days ago, when the *habitues* of the Saratoga Club, the swell club house on Congress Street, the palatial gambling resort founded by John Morrissey and continued by Charles Reed and Albert Spencer until this season, when it passed into the hands of a syndicate, of which R. A. Canfield is the head and front, were amazed at the heavy play made by a small blond stranger. He was recognised finally, and the frequenters of the club watched his play with the greatest interest. Roulette appeared to have the greatest fascination for him, and for hours he would sit by the wheel, while the croupier droned and the little ball spun rhythmically in its wooden circle.

"The other evening the Prince entered the club house shortly after ten o'clock, and was soon at his favourite game. The other tables were soon deserted, for the Prince plays high and staked hundreds on every turn of the wheel. He was in luck, and won 2,900dols in a short time. He declined to cash in, remarking to the croupier that the money could stand to his credit, and that he would return. Manager Canfield had heard of the Prince, and shortly after his arrival here they had a talk, at which it was agreed that the Prince should have a credit of 10,000dols, and that he should not go beyond that limit.

"After winning the 2,900dols, the Prince went out, but returned shortly after midnight, and the highest play ever seen here ensued. From the start the amounts wagered were startling, the play finally getting up to 1,000dols at each turn of the wheel. The Prince had lost his 2,900dols, but the fickle goddess became conciliated, and in a short time he had won back his 2,900dols and 5,000dols besides. Every other table in the house was forsaken, and the roulette layout at which the Prince was playing was surrounded by a hundred men. The Prince was the coolest man present. The click of the chips, the spin of the ball as it whirred its inevitable round, and the call of the croupier alone broke the stillness. At one time each turn of the wheel meant 1,000dols to the Prince or to the management, and the onlookers watched the game with bated breath. The croupiers were changed three or four times without breaking his luck, and he was many thousands ahead of the game when he began to lose.

"The game fluctuated; sometimes the Prince's star would be in the ascendant, and again the house would win. Finally he lost his winnings and 10,000dols into the bargain. This was the limit which had been agreed upon; but by some error Northrup, the croupier in charge, gave the Prince an extra 1,000dols worth of chips. He did not wager the entire amount, but put enough down on the red to win 600dols. Then Northrup noticed that the limit had been exceeded and called the Prince's attention to it. The Prince wanted to continue, but Northrup declined, and finally sent for Manager Canfield. The latter tried to reason with the warm-blooded foreigner.

"'Let me play what I've got here,' pleaded the Prince.

"Cranfield was obdurate, and the Prince, wild with anger, seized the roulette outfit, turned it upside down and sent the checks shivering over the floor. This created a sensation. Every effort was made, and is still being made, to keep the details of the episode from the public. The Prince returned to his quarters 8,400dols behind the game.

"The incident was seen by a number of prominent New Yorkers who were in the club-house at the time. Manager Canfield denies that there was any unpleasantness, and says that the Prince was at the club-house after the episode. The high play of the Prince and the sensational ending of the game are the chief topics of gossip at America's leading summer resort."

THRASHING A CO-RESPONDENT.

In the Divorce Division August 9 Sir Francis Jeune had before him the case of Harrison *v.* Harrison and Foley. The petition was that of the husband, of Montague Hill, Bristol. The petitioner, who appeared in person, said he married the respondent on June 16, 1861. There were nine children, the youngest close on sixteen. For twenty-seven years they had lived happily together. In December, 1892, he went to Swindon to occupy a house and shop, and left his wife in business at Bristol. He, however, heard rumours as to her conduct. She went to Swindon, but owing to her drunken conduct he ordered her out of the house. He left her the stock-in-trade and went to Bristol. In August, 1893, he went to Swindon to watch his wife. He concealed himself in the house, and remained there till she went to bed. After a time she called "Fred" (the co-respondent), who went up to her room. Witness burst open the door and administered to the co-respondent a thrashing. His wife cried out "Murder." He chased the co-respondent downstairs, and Foley left the house with only his shirt on. A decree nisi with costs was granted.

HIS TALENT WASN'T APPRECIATED.

"I'm a poet, that's why I'm poor," said Archibald M'Innes confidentially to a select company assembled in the public bar of the Phœnix, Norton Folgate. "And," he added, "I'm a minstrel, too, for I first write the songs myself and then I sings 'em." His audience listened, but his lyrics were voted dear at a halfpenny a sheet." "Tommy Atkins" failed to awaken any response, and "A Life on the Ocean Wave" found no purchasers. "Well, if yer won't buy 'em, and if yer don't want to 'ear 'em," observed the poet, the shrewd instinct of the hawker that he was coming to his aid, "I'll tell yer what I'll do. I'll toss yer two or none for a brown." The friends of the Phœnix were a non-gambling crowd. They represented to the landlord that the harmony which had previously prevailed was displaced by the discord of the poet's persistence, and the minstrel was bidden to retire. Once outside the hostel the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolled, and he vowed he would make the unimaginative barman regret his untimely intervention. For giving his intention effect he was held answerable at the Worship Street Police-court. In vain he pleaded irritation and apologised to the assaulted attendant. An apology from a poet, whose hair hung in oleaginous curls over his coat-collar, was, the barman thought, no apology at all, so the law had to take its course, and M'Innes was fined 40s., with the alternative of spending fourteen days in Holloway Castle.

HONEST PLAY OR COLD LEAD.

Cowboys who Declined to be Robbed of Their Money at Gambling.

JEALOUS OF A RIVAL.

The Lash for a Young Actress who was becoming a Favourite.

CAREFUL OF HIS DARLING.

A Gallant Lover who Breasted the Waves with his Lady Love in Gentle Embrace.

MIDNIGHT IN THE PARK.

What's Bobby Found after a Holiday.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

— That an effort will be made to revive sprint handicaps at Sheffield.

— That George Corfield is training at Jack Mutton's Grand Hotel, Spennymoor.

— That Alf Gower will be seconded by Tommy Orange.

— That Wallace Ross and George Bubear will contest a single scull race for a purse at Edgbaston Reservoir, in September.

— That the private match for a £100 trophy between the Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia* and George Gould's *Vigilant*, in the Solent, was an easy win for the *Vigilant*. She took the lead shortly after starting and won, after deducting time allowances, by 4min 31sec.

— That Jim Barrow and Frank Allen, two 7st pugilists, fought a twenty-round draw at San Francisco recently. Both broke their right hands during the match.

— That J. E. T. Bowden, who achieved notoriety as manager of the Corbett-Mitchell fight in Florida, was horsewhipped in Jacksonville by a Mr. Bronson, for insulting the latter's wife. Bronson held a pistol in his left hand whilst he plied the whip with his right.

— That in a pigeon shooting match at Southwick for £200, at fifty birds, 30yds rise, Walter Blake beat G. Thursby by killing thirty-nine out of forty-eight birds.

— That Tom Connors, the Lancashire wrestler, has been challenged by Bert Scheller, of New York, to a match for £200 a-side, give or take £30 expenses, to wrestle in New York or Manchester.

— That Joseph Wolstenholme gained two successive falls from William Godfrey in a Lancashire wrestling match at Oldham, for £10.

— That old Blind Ted May, a once noted Thames sculler, is dead. He was stricken blind fifteen years ago, and has since experienced a precarious existence by selling a book on boating.

— That Charley Mitchell will visit the States in October, and probably take up his permanent residence there.

— That at an international cycle meeting held at Copenhagen August 7, A. J. Watson won the One Kilometre Race in 1min 32 3-5sec, and W. Broadbridge the English Half-mile in 1min 15 3-5sec.

— That playing for North Kent United *v.* New Cross S.E.R., J. Powell (captain of the Arsenal Football Club) made 55 runs in twenty-eight minutes, 103 being scored in thirty-eight minutes for three wickets on a damp pitch.

— That the annual general meeting of the Surrey County Rugby Football Union will be held on Monday, September 10, and notice of any business must reach Mr. H. E. Steed (hon. secretary), 12, Whitehall Place, S.W., not later than Wednesday, August 22. Any change in club secretaryship should be duly notified.

— That footballers are getting impatient. Taking advantage of the dull, chilly morning Bank Holiday, some of the young sparks in Surbiton might have been observed playing a scratch match on the local recreation ground. George Cleaveland kept goal by the entrance gate, and put in some really good work for an opening display.

— That in a knurr and spell match at Queen's Grounds, Barnsley, for £50, J. Wilkinson defeated George Edwards, of Leeds, by 185 to 159, after playing 22 rises.

— That W. Garnett, of Hayland Common, vanquished A. Jordan, of Barnsley, in a knurr and spell match at Barnsley for £50.

— That those who wish to keep posted on sporting matters in general should read THE MIRROR OF LIFE weekly.

— That W. Dobeke was beaten by S. Cain in three backward jumps at Farnsworth for £30.

— That in a match of a hop, two strides, and a jump, at Bury, B. Devoy cleared 18yds 9in and defeated J. Aldred by a foot for £10.

— That Billy Plimmer will shortly leave Birmingham for the States.

— That Charley Manning and Alfred de Oro, expert American pool players, will come here in October to contend with our billiard champions in a series of games.

— That the proper name of Tommy Ryan, 10st champion pugilist of America, is Thomas Young. He is of Scotch-Irish parentage, and was born at Syracuse, New York.

— That the gross gate receipts of the Ryan-Smith fight at Minneapolis amounted to £1,000, but the manager sifted it down so that Ryan only received £135 and Smith £21.

— That last year J. J. Corbett, in making a tour of the Gentleman Jack Company, received 65 and 70 per cent. of the gross receipts from resident managers, who, however, declare that this season they will only allow 40 per cent. as an outside limit unless he fights and wins. How the mighty have fallen!

WHAT SHE WAS SMUGGLING.

A Cruel Joke Played upon a Recent Arrival on an Ocean Steamer.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Rather a cruel joke was played on a recent arrival on an ocean steamer. A young lady was pointed out to the Customs officers as smuggling articles in her bosom, and when the fair one was questioned she denied concealing any dutiable goods. Eyeing her with suspicion and perceiving her acting in an embarrassed manner, the officers requested her to sojourn to a room where she could be searched. The female attendants stripped her shoulders bare, when to the consternation of the young lady she was compelled to admit that the only thing she had concealed was a pair of bust forms, which she utilised to destroy the effects of an undeveloped breast.

HONEST PLAY OR COLD LEAD.

Cowboys who Declined to be Robbed of Their Money at Gambling.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In the Western part of the United States games of chance are tolerated by the authorities, and those who conduct gambling saloons on honest principles manage to thrive, and anything of an unpleasant nature seldom occurs in the resorts. Let there be a suspicion of crooked play, and it usually means riot and bloodshed. In a resort at Butte City a French pool-wheel has been the means of winning out big money in a short space of time, and the suspicions of the losers were aroused in consequence. They believed a brake was brought into play to bring the wheel to a halt at a number where no money would have to be paid out. To give the matter a test two of the patrons drew shooting irons and advised the dealer that unless the wheel was given a fair turn there would be a death in the establishment. Play was resumed with better luck to the players, and when the night's business was brought to a close the cowboys amused themselves by pulling the apparatus apart and destroying everything in sight. Finding that prospects of a paying game for the future were remote, the proprietor gracefully retired from the town to seek a new field for work.

J. H. TYERS.

Amateur Champion Swimmer of Great Britain.

(With Portrait.)

J. H. Tyers was born in Manchester September 11, 1876, and when but twelve years of age he took to the water, securing prizes in swimming races confined to boys. The following year he entered for the 200 yards North Manchester Challenge Cup, presented by C. E. Schwann, M.P., and was successful in winning the trophy for the first time (he subsequently won the cup outright).

In his fifteenth year he decided to throw down the gauntlet in one or two championships. At Roundhay Park, Leeds, he created a surprise by beating S. Greasley, of Leicester, in the 300 yards North of England Championship. The same year he opposed W. Evans, the Amateur Champion, in the 220 yards championship at Leeds, and achieved the dual honour of defeating Evans and establishing a record. At Leicester, the same year (1892), he beat Evans for the 100 yards championship, in the record time of 1min 54 secs. The Amateur Swimming Association marked their appreciation of his prowess by presenting him with two record medals for the above efforts.

In 1893, he succeeded in winning every championship trophy offered for swimming. He holds the championship titles at the following distances: 100, 150, 220, 300, 440 salt water; 440 fresh water, 500 yards, half mile, 1,000 yards, one mile, and the long distance (5½ miles).

In addition to the above list, Tyers holds the record for the 300 yards, also 500 yards Northern Counties Championship. Tyers' swimming records are: 100 yards, 1min 5 4-5sec; 200 yards, 2min 46 2-5sec; 440 yards, 6min 33 1-5sec; 500 yards, 7min 17sec; 880 yards, 13min 41sec; 1 mile, 27min 21 2-5sec; 150 yards, 1min 44½sec; 330 yards, 4min 16½sec; 1,000 yards, 16min, 18½sec.

STAGE FAVOURITES.

Lillian Russell.

In the autumn the British public will be afforded an opportunity of passing judgment upon the abilities of the great American prima-donna, Miss Lillian Russell. She was born in Iowa, Dec. 4, 1861, her real name being Helen Louise Leonard. She was brought up in Chicago, and educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in that city. In 1879 she played in "Pinafore," after having sung in a church choir. Later she toured with Tony Pastor's company singing ballads, and subsequently joined Colonel McCaull's Opera Company, of which she was prima donna, until her own company was organised. Her personal beauty and sympathetic quality of her voice, and her marked ability as an actress made her the most popular light opera artist in the States. She was married January 21, 1894, to

Sig. Perugini.

a popular tenor of light opera. His real name is John Chatterton, and he, too, is in this country on a visit. He was born in Michigan, and received his musical education in Italy. Perugini has sung with success in Italy and other parts of Europe, as well as America, as principal tenor of opera companies.

FLORA ORMOND.

A Talented Young Lady who is a Rising Vocalist and Dancer.

(With Portrait.)

Flora Ormond was born in Bristol nineteen years ago. She made her debut in pantomime, and then joined a provincial company, appearing in "Faust," "Carmen," and "Up-to-Date." Of late Miss Ormond has turned her attention to the music-hall stage as a vocalist and dancer. She possesses considerable merit, and is gradually forging her way to the front ranks of the profession.

SAM DEARIN.

The Great American Traveller, who is Appearing with Success at the Pavilion.

(With Portrait.)

It would be a difficult matter to find a portion of the civilised world where Sam Dearin has not performed. Sam was born in the City of Boston, U.S.A., in the fifties, and in 1867 he created the eccentric musical turn that has made him a prominent character as a variety performer. His turn is original, and though many have copied from him, Sam manages to hold a strong lead over his imitators. He has made two circuits of the world, appearing in all the large cities with success. He has been in London but a short time, after a successful engagement in the States, and has signed a three years' contract to appear at the various music halls here. Sam follows the stage for a living, though his hobby is sporting in all its branches. When he thinks he has a good thing on a horse race he will bet his money to the limit. Being a close student of boxing he possesses excellent judgment on the Ring, and is therefore quite a favourite with the pugilists of the past and present time.

MIDNIGHT IN THE PARK.

What a Rebuke Found after a Holiday

(Subject of Illustration.)

The police found many sleepers in the public parks after the sunset on Bank Holiday, and it kept them busy in sending the weary ones adrift on a journey. On one of the benches in one of the principal parks there sat upon a bench close to a large tree four representative types of depravity, one being a lad who professed to have neither home nor relatives, and was resting after a day's holiday.

PROFESSOR CALVERTO.

A Clever Shadowgraph Artist, called the "Trewey of the North."

(With Portrait.)

Professor Calverto is an expert comedian, and is clever and refined, although he has flashes of broad humour, and is ready of wit. As a ventriloquist he has been eminently successful, whilst his pictures on the white screen are thoroughly "class" and inimitable. He travelled all over the country with Mr. Chas. Coborn, and has appeared always in the best of company, and is comfortably located, when not on tour, at Hagge Wood House, Pollokshaws, near Glasgow.

TED REACH OF WEST GREEN.

A North London Pugilist who Challenges All Comers at 8st 6lb.

(With Portrait.)

Ted Reach, a clever lad who challenges all England at 8st 9lb for £100 a-side, was born at Holloway in 1874, and is therefore but 20 years of age. He is 5ft 3in tall, and his best fighting weight is 8st 6lb.

He commenced boxing two years ago by taking on Bert Gooch, of Wood Green, in a twenty-round battle. Beach won in seven rounds. He next disposed of Jumbo Swift, of Bowes Park, in six rounds. Was runner-up to Jim Williams in a 6st 10lb competition for a championship belt. Beat Fred Billet in six rounds at Edmonton; won Frank Hinde's 6st 10lb competition at St. Andrew's Hall, disposing of J. Maloney and Charley Gledhill, contending with a broken arm. July 16 he defeated Bill Parsons, of New Southgate, in six rounds, and on July 30 he disposed of Parsons for a second time in a similar bout.

Beach is a clever lad, and will take a lot of beating. He bids fair to make a good record for himself in the future.

BOTH SIDES OF A MISSPENT LIFE.

The Sad Ending of a Woman who was once the Queen of her Set.

(Subject of Illustration.)

If a woman could only have pictured out the results of a misspent life she would value her good name for more than all the jewels money could purchase. It is an old and a true saying that a marriage certificate is more to a woman than anything else on earth, and whether her husband may turn out the commonest drunkard in existence or a petty thief, she can feel proud that her name is still fit to be placed amongst those of the most respected ones. The majority of women are vain and susceptible to flattery that will start them on the wrong path, others go wrong because of their love for dress and jewels, and many seek a life of pleasure because it is imbued in their system from girlhood. A sad story has just come to light of a wretched creature who, ten years ago, was a veritable queen amongst the flash set, and received the attentions of many wealthy young men. Priceless gems were bestowed upon her by her many admirers, who considered themselves fortunate in winning her smiles. Nothing short of champagne suppers fell to her lot till drink got the better of her will power, and she gradually fell from grace. The descent was only proved rather a steep one, for it was only a short time since that the once fascinating woman was found in a miserable condition in a deserted cellar half starved to death. She was taken in charge and cared for, but will ere long fill a nameless grave.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

In purchasing THE MIRROR OF LIFE you are given a Weekly Journal, of which eight pages are filled with a variety of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. It gives you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. THE MIRROR OF LIFE will not at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearless.

HONEST SPORTS.

JEALOUSY and rivalry has been the main cause of the falling off in the interest in sprint handicaps at Sheffield. The game went from bad to worse, and finally it resulted in a heavy loss for every £100 handicap promoted. It looked for some time past as though another sprint would never be decided in the cutlery town, but now there is hope ahead, because the sports accepting the old proverb that "in unity there is strength," have banded together and announced a Doncaster handicap for September to occur at the Sheaf House Grounds. The promoters go even farther by declaring there shall be a £100 handicap at Christmas, and one at Shrovetide of 1895. Providing there is the slightest indication of a revival in the once favoured sport there will be given four big handicaps every year.

* * *

E. E. Bacon.

A NUMBER of important athletic meetings occurred Bank Holiday, and all were well-patronised. At the St. Albans sports (witnessed by 18,000 persons) E. E. Bacon, of Ashton (the One and Four Miles Champion), won the Four Miles Level Race, beating H. Watkins, Walthamstow H. (Four Miles Midland and Southern Counties Cross-country Champion), by 10 yards, in 20min 28 4-5sec. At the same meeting T. Osborn (Polytechnic H.) won the One Mile N.C.U. (London Centre) Championship in 2min 29sec, T. E. Newman (Unity C.C.) losing first place by five yards. Upwards of 20,000 persons were at the Polytechnic Harriers' sports at Wembley Park, where A. Ovenden (L.A.C.) won the 250 Yards Tower Cup in 25 4-5sec; the One Mile Level Race for the Metropolitan Cup was won by R. Wellin (Finchley H.) in 4min 44 1-5sec; and the Four Miles Level Race for the Wembley Cup resulted in favour of C. Pearce, of Northampton, time 21min 14 2-5sec.

* * *

At the Ball's Bridge Grounds, Dublin, August 6, the Irish All-round Championship Meeting was held. Results were as follows:—

Putting the 16lb Shot (standard, 33ft).—T. F. Kiely, Carrick-on-Suir, 37ft 3in, 1; L. Roche, Bruree, 36ft, 2; D. Carey, D.M. Police, 35ft, 3; J. Murray, Cork, 0; P. Farrelly, Belfast, 0; J. E. Wood, Ennis Kean, co. Cork, 0. Marks: Kiely, 5; Roche, 3; Carey, 1.

100 Yards Race (standard, 11 2-5sec).—Heat 1: Wood, 1; Kiely, 2; Roche, 3. Won by two yards. Time, 10 3-5sec. Heat 2: Murray, 1; Farrelly, 2; Carey, 3. Won by three yards, inches separating second and third. Time, 10 2-5sec. Final heat: Murray, 1; Wood, 2; Farrelly, 3; Kiely, 0; Carey, 0. A splendid race, won by inches; a foot between second and third. Time, 10 2-5sec.

Long Jump (standard, 19ft).—Kiely, 1; Roche, 2; Carey, 3; Murray, 0; Farrelly, 0; Wood, 0. Kiely jumped 20ft 7½in, having fouled one of 21ft 8in. Roche, Carey, and Wood tied for second place at 20ft 5in, and in the jump off Roche did 21ft 8½in, which was 1ft 1in better than Kiely's winning jump, but, of course, it did not count for first place. Carey did 20ft 9½in in the jump off, and got third place, beating Wood, who did 20ft 5½in.

Throwing 16lb Hammer (from 7ft circle) (standard, 80ft).—Kiely, 131ft 7in, 1; Carey, 113ft 4in, 2; Roche, 97ft 1in, 3; Murray, 0; Wood, 0. Kiely's throw is the world's record.

High Jump (standard, 5ft).—Wood, 5ft 4in, 1; Carey, 5ft 3in, 2; Kiely, 5ft 2in, 3; Murray, 0; Roche, 0. Roche failed to qualify.

120yds Hurdle Race.—Kiely, 1; Carey, 2; Murray, 3; Wood, 0; Roche, 0. Won easily by 3yds; 1½yds between second and third. Time, 16 4-5sec.

Half Mile Flat Race.—Wood, 1; Carey, 2; Roche, 3; Murray, 0. A fine race was won by a yard. Time, 2min 30sec.

In the total points Kiely won with 21, Carey being second with 15, Wood 13, Roche 8, Murray, 6. Farrelly retired.

* * *

A LETTER is lying at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office for James L. McCusker, champion swimmer of America.

MR. P. PECK lodged a complaint against S. Loates for using abusive language to him in the weighing room at Goodwood. The stewards heard Mr. Peck's complaint, also an apology tendered by Loates, and they have severely reprimanded the latter and cautioned him as to his future behaviour.

* * *

BROCKWELL, the Surrey professional, who has made so many notable scores this season, has been asked to form one of the next team to visit Australia in the autumn.

* * *

WITH his innings of six on August 8 against Yorkshire, Albert Ward, the well-known Lancashire professional, completed his thousand runs in first-class cricket this season. He was the third to achieve this distinction, the other two players being Brockwell and Abel, and his aggregate now stands at 1,004.

* * *

ONLY a day behind Albert Ward, the veteran champion, Dr. W. G. Grace, on August 9, at Clifton, by making twenty-seven, completed his thousand runs in first-class matches this summer.

* * *

AN annual athletic meeting was held at the cricket grounds at High Wycombe, August 8. In the second heat of the One Mile Open Bicycle Handicap, A. Borton, of the Uxbridge C.C., fell heavily, and was rendered insensible. Medical attendance was forthcoming, and Borton was found to be suffering from concussion of the brain. Lord Curzon at once placed his carriage at the disposal of the patient, who was forthwith removed to the nearest hotel. In the Two Miles Inter-Challenge Shield Bicycle Race, Slough beat the holders (Uxbridge) by three points, the scores being—Slough, 18; Uxbridge, 21; Wycombe, 23. The enforced abstention of Borton by reason of his accident, however, made a serious difference to the Uxbridge team. W. J. Sturgess, of the Polytechnic H., won the Two Miles Walking Handicap from scratch in the good time of 14min 47sec; and J. Camp (Polytechnic) won the Half-mile Scratch Bicycle Race in 1min 18 2-5sec. Lady Curzon distributed the prizes.

* * *

J. H. TYERS, of Manchester, was a contestant in a half-mile swimming race at Leeds, August 7, to decide the Amateur Championship of England. He proved to be an easy winner, completing the distance in 13min 42 2-5sec. J. H. Derbyshire finished second in 15min 30sec.

* * *

THE principal events at the thirteenth East of Scotland meeting, held at Dundee August 4, was a five miles bicycle race for the Championship of Scotland. J. Killacky secured the honours in 13min 39 2-5sec.

* * *

A. A. ZIMMERMAN, American Champion Cyclist, covered himself with glory at Ashton Lower Grounds, Birmingham, August 8. In a time trial, with flying start, he covered 440 yards in 28 2-5th sec. He secured first in the mile race in 2min 38sec, and carried off the first prize in the ten mile event in 27min 47 3-5th sec.

THEY SAY

— That Miss Lillian Russell, the American prima donna, will shortly begin an engagement in London. She possesses a remarkably good voice and commands a very large salary in the States.

* * *

— That Edward S. Stokes, the proprietor of the famous Hoffman House bar in New York City, is in London on a pleasure trip.

* * *

— That Nat C. Goodwin will shortly return to the States to prepare for his tour of '94—'95 in a new comedy written expressly for him.

* * *

— That London is flooded with Americans who find a pleasure trip here more inexpensive than a sojourn at a sea-shore resort in the States.

* * *

— That the provincial company of "A Gaiety Girl" is a strong one, and should meet with the success it deserves.

* * *

— That THE MIRROR OF LIFE has started a record in glove contests that will give the game a decided boom in the autumn, and that it is the only journal in the kingdom giving inside gossip of the doings of the Fancy.

— That Signor Borelli, who is acting in the United States, is a nobleman of Italy. His real name is Count Quaglia di Compiani. He was forced to leave Italy for fighting a duel with a superior officer in the army. When he went to America last August he joined our Miss Bessie Bonehill's company.

* * *

— That on Aug. 8, in the Manchester Cathedral, the nuptials were celebrated between Eugene Sandow, the strong man, and Blanche Brookes, daughter of a Manchester photographer. The Rev. Archdeacon Sinclair, London, officiated. The marriage was by special licence.

* * *

— That Mr. R. J. Balston, a wealthy paper manufacturer of Maidstone, has vested in trustees for use as a public cricket and recreation ground a large piece of land in the London Road, Maidstone, and has given £1,000 towards putting it into order.

* * *

— That a Glasgow doctor in his holograph will leaves the whole of his estate to his two sisters, and then inserts this extraordinary clause: "To my wife, as a recompense for deserting and leaving me in peace, I expect the said sister Elizabeth to make her a gift of ten shillings sterling to buy a handkerchief to weep in after my decease."

* * *

— That the last place in the amateur team that is being taken out to America at the end of the present season by Lord Hawke has been awarded to Mr. W. F. Whitwell, a right-handed fast bowler, who a few years back appeared for Yorkshire. The side, therefore, will consist of Lord Hawke (captain), Messrs C. W. Wright, C. E. De Trafford, G. J. Mordaunt, J. S. Robinson, L. C. V. Bathurst, G. W. Hillyard, A. J. L. Hill, G. B. Bardswell, J. H. J. Hornsby, K. M'Alpine, and W. F. Whitwell. As announced, the team will sail on September 8, and will play five matches, appearing twice at Philadelphia, and once each at New York, Baltimore and Boston. The side is very powerful at all points, and should prove well capable of holding its own against the Americans.

* * *

— That the trust-deed and settlement, dated September 7, 1888, with a codicil of February 4, 1891, of the late well-known yacht owner, Mr. Matthew Andrew Muir, formerly of Glasgow, but who died on April 27 at his London residence, having been confirmed in Edinburgh, has been resealed at the principal Probate Registry, London, and administration of deceased's estate granted to Messrs. John Stewart, Colin W. Scott, and Jas. Todd Stewart, all of Glasgow, to the Rev. James Hay, minister of the parish church at Kirm, the accepting executors (several others renouncing or having died).

* * *

— That a telegram from Salta announces that the Federal Judge of the province has granted the extradition of Jabez Balfour.

* * *

—The Duke of Tamames, the Civil Governor, has issued a circular calling upon the presidents of all the clubs in Madrid to give their word of honour not to allow gambling on the club premises. A number of secret gambling-houses have been closed by order of the police.

"How's Chappie to-day, improving, any?"

Doctor: "Yes."

"How about his appetite?"

"Good. Yesterday he took gruel, and to-day tea, toast and his cane."

* * *

TOMMY: "I think sister Lucy is going to play Indian."

Mamma: "Why do you think so, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Why, because I just saw her painting her face."

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